THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TO ALICE CARY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

'Mid the clover's bonied blossoms,
In the dewy meadows sweet,
Where the rivulets go tripping
Round their banks with silver feet,
Where the June's red roses brighten,
And the daisies gem the grass,
And the belted bee swings humming
Busy murmurs as we pass—

There I met thee, Alice Cary,
And the poet's gentle hand
Led me softly through the beauty
Which bedecks a summer land.
Where the skies are ever brightest,
Where low tones of music call,
There I met thee, Alice Cary,
Queen and priestess of them all.

In the odorous haunts of Summer,
In the sylvan nook and dell,
I have learned for thee to listen,
Whom I've loved so long and well.
And were I a woodland warbler,
Still thy name should be my song,
And I'd carol "Alice Cary!
Alice Cary!" all day long.

All blessed things must love thee,
All flowers to toward thee lean,
And from their brimming chalices,
Waft incense for their queen.
And better far than diamonds,
Or the white pearls of the sea,
Is the store that many a loving heart
Has treasured up for thee.

I know not, Alice Cary,
If I e'er shall see thy face,
But my heart shall keep its picture
Of thy woman's smile and grace.
And in that land where flowers to
Are fadeless as they're fair,
Sweet spirit! Alice Cary!
I shall trust to meet thee there.

ELIZABETH G. BARKER.

Original Novelet.

AMAZONIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY H. W. PETTIT.

CHAPTER I.

Henry Altamont came home from Europe an invalid. Three years before he had departed the embodiment of health and vigor. A smile ever reigned upon his lip; for the world had been kind to him, and he was happy in the consciousness of youth, wealth, and talent; but the cheek that was once ruddy is now sallow and sunken; the limbs that were lithe and active are now weak, and refuse their support. From the studios of Italy, where he had devoted his time and talent to the fine arts, he brought a lingering disease, and Altamont came home to die amidst the scenes of his childhood.

Alighting at the gate of the old mansion once more, he was received warmly by his only remaining parent, Dr. Altamont, and after the usual greetings, was conducted with rude tenderness into the house. The old gentleman overjoyed at once more beholding his only child, scarcely observed the great change in Henry's appearance, and it was not until entirely overcome by the excitement of meeting he was obliged to take refuge on a sofa, that his father became aware of his debility. The old doctor could not, would not believe that his son was past recovery; but when Henry told him his situation in despairing accents, he hopefully exclaimed in his rough manner,

"Nonsense, Harry! it's nothing, boy. You'll be up in a week. Little bilious perhaps. Liver's torpid—jaundice—dyspepsia, or something of that sort. All you want is fresh air and exercise."

And thus the kind old gentleman rattled on, giving the patient hope, which was the first stimulant necessary to exertion, while exertion was equally indispensable to the re-establishment of health.

A few weeks after, Henry Altamont might be seen riding for an hour or more every morning, until the frosty air and active motion produced a tinge of returning health upon his cheeks; and while yet warm with the exercise, his eyes sparkled again with an approach to their old brilliancy.

Upon a bright, balmy morning in September, he mounted his gallant chesnut, who bore his rider along the smooth turf, proudly prancing and curveting, yet easily managed and obedient to the slightest touch. Henry turned the head of his horse for the solitudes of the hills in the vicinity of his home, preferring to admire and enjoy nature alone in its wild, uncultivated state, rather than traverse the common landscape skirting the dusty highway. On, on he rode, until becoming elated with the high spirits of his steed, the bracing atmosphere and bright scenery, he gave rein to his horse, and dashed along the forest paths in a wild race, shouting joyfully, he knew not why, and swinging his cap in air with a glee that amounted almost to insanity. His dog, a monstrous Dutch deer hound, also entered into the spirit of the scene, and awoke musical echoes with his deep chested voice, while he bounded easily in advance, ever and anon casting an eye back to see if his master were following. Helter skelter over knolls, splashing through brooks and romping along meadows this strange trio might have been taken for one of those wild groups that so often ride along the mountains at break-neck paces in German legends. Thus thus while galloping headlong through a narrow pass in the hills, his curling locks lifted by the breeze, and his cheeks glowing with excitement, did he overtook a young lady riding upon a roan looking black pony. The lines hung loose upon the pony's neck, while he ambled carelessly along, snatching a mouthful here and there from the bushes as he passed, and switching his tail leisurely the flies. Two splendid pointers ran in advance obeying the beck and call of their mistress most admirably. The young lady was habited in a close fitting riding-dress, while her hat and plumes hung by the strings down her back, revealing a wealth half loosened, wavy hair which was straying in profusion of ringlets down her shoulders. Under her left arm was slung a large bag, and across her lap reposed a light fowling piece, and even now while the noise of the clattering hoofs of Henry's horse is swelling upon her ear, she draws the trigger upon a flock of quail and brings down a couple pair. Henry is astounded; his feelings revolted the idea of encountering such an ogress as he imagined her, but he was too late; he was scarcely twenty paces from her, while she had turned around with a startled air; but upon receiving the respectful salutation of a handsome young man, she resumed her self-possession and returned the courtesy with all the graceful ease possible. He excused himself for intruding upon her pastime; then bidding her good morning he turned his horse and dashed away in another direction, leaving the fair huntress to pursue her sport unmolested. Altamont felt almost shocked at what he had seen; although field sports were followed by him with an ardor amounting to passion; still to see a woman, and what is more, a pretty woman, one in whom he would expect a softness and shrinking from such things, engaging with eagerness in this bloody pastime, was particularly repulsive to his refined sensibilities. In his mind no circumstances could palliate, nor could any superior accomplishments of the lady reconcile him to the unnatural enjoyment expressed by her laughing eyes as she beheld the success of her shot.

Henry in future rode in another direction, actuated partly by motives of politeness, and partly by a desire to avoid meeting one whose inclinations and pleasures jarred so discordantly upon his feelings. Often after a long canter through the oak orchards, he would drop the lines upon Mustapha's neck, and folding his arms upon his bosom, sink into a moody reverie; it was thus he might be seen upon a fresh, autumn morning, walking slowly through the silent woods, his head dropped upon his breast, and his eyes fixed on scenes far distant in sunny Italy. The remembrance of friends and faces thronged his busy brain, and the one that returned oftenest was that which he wished most to banish. It was a rosy face, surrounded with a confusion of ringlets, while the eye, gleaming with excitement, glanced with unerring certainty along the polished tubes of a fowling-piece. He strove to dispel the vision, but his efforts were useless; the more he sought to drive it from his imagination the oftener it returned, and even while he was most vexed with himself, he raises his eyes and sees the object of his thoughts on the opposite side of a stream which his horse was then splashing and pawing with great noise as he quenched his thirst in the clear element. She bore a long cane rod, to which was attached a fishing apparatus, fly wheel and all. Yes, it was unmistakable, she was whipping for trout. Drawing the elastic pole over her shoulder with an experienced flourish, she dropped the deceptive bait enticingly on the surface of the water over a hole where it was probable trout most did congregate. In an instant the hook disappeared beneath the pool, and the fish darted away with the prize with astonishing celerity. Eager with the prospect of at least a two pounder, she drew the line back quick, and thereby lost her fish, and entangled her hook in the branches of a neighboring tree. The interest of Altamont in this scene had been almost equal to that of the fair angler herself, and before he was aware he had shouted as he saw her lifting the rod, "Let him run! Let him run!" but too late. Hastily begging pardon for hazarding advice unsolicited, he was about taking his departure when he perceived the expression of imploring perplexity worn by the lady's face, as she regarded her line inextricably entangled in the limbs some dozen feet out of reach. To secure his horse and climb the tree in her service, was the least he could do, although it afforded anything but pleasure to do that even for such a girl. He, however, overcame his unwillingness, and made an offer of his assistance, which was smilingly and gratefully accepted. After disengaging the silken cord, she made a very thankful tender of her obligations in speech on free from excess, yet appropriate in diction, as to induce Altamont to continue a few moments in conversation with her, hoping to discover something of the nature of this *rara avis in terris*, as he considered her.

Perhaps it would be well to give a slight sketch of our heroine's exterior, before proceeding farther. Her costume was novel, but not inappropriate to the occasion; it being adapted to meet any of the common emergencies of the chase. The waist of her dress was the usual boddice worn by ladies, though the skirt was discontinued before it reached more than half way to the knee, the lower limbs being covered with long boots and pants of genuine corduroy. Her hair was confined under a small French cap, while her shoulders were protected from the effects of the frosty atmosphere by a rough frieze jacket. This dress, coupled with a face more than passable, and features betraying both good sense and vivacity, presented a figure to the eyes of Altamont partaking of the characters of the attractive eccentric, and displeasing, of each almost in equal share. After performing the slight service of disengaging the fishing tackle for her, he politely offered to bear her basket of fish, which assistance she gracefully accepted, remarking—

"I should be unwilling to burden you with it, if I had been as fortunate as usual."

"It is quite unlucky," said Altamont, "that I should interrupt your pleasures the second time so mal apropos, but I hope it is needless to assure you it was in both instances quite accidental."

"Oh certainly!" said she. "But it has been a matter of considerable speculation to me what excuse you could render for riding idly about through woods almost alive with game."

"I must plead indisposition. I am an invalid."

"And your excuse invalid," returned she, laughingly. "No one would ever have dreamed of you pleading indisposition the morning I beheld you riding, like Tam O'Shanter, pell-mell over the country, swinging your cap in air, and shouting like mad. I think you will agree with me in that assertion."

"I will admit, fair lady, that I am improving rapidly under the healthful influence of these bracing breezes and this pleasing exercise, but it may be quite possible that I do not take delight in sports of the forest and field, although I will not say that such is the case."

"I would not own even the possibility you allude to, as I cannot conceive that such should exist with a gentleman. I do not conceal the fact that *I* am passionately fond of these amusements; though I hardly wish to boast of being addicted to pleasures which are denied either by constitution or custom to my sex."

"Fair Diana," asked Henry, "are all your amusements of this singular character?"

"Nearly all," replied she.

"You perhaps dislike music?"

"Upon the contrary, I am passionately fond of it."

"May I ask what style you prefer?"

"The music of the hounds."

Henry wished to know no more of her musical likes and dislikes, so he pursued that theme no farther.

"Without doubt, you were induced to follow these sporting fancies by your education," resumed Altamont, hoping to discover some palliating circumstance for such an unwomanly penchant.

"Oh, no," answered she, "it is from inclination entirely."

He despaired of finding any good whatever in such an incorrigible specimen of the genus masculine woman as he now saw beside him; and if his natural instinct of gallantry had not still restrained him, he would have incontinently deserted and left her to carry her own basket of trout home. But, as it was, he contentedly relinquished any farther questioning, and continued the remainder of the time in conversation of a more miscellaneous character. He was surprised at finding his companion possessed of a mind of great refinement, instead of the coarse unfeminine instincts he had previously ascribed to her. Her remarks were profusely garnished with the many adornments of wit and intelligence, overflowing with the thousand suggestions of a rich and lively imagination, and abounding in gems that betrayed a careful and classic education.

Henry was almost persuaded to eschew his former dislike of the enchanting sportswoman, and fall directly into a violent admiration of her. And it is quite impossible to deny he would have been perfectly warranted in so doing. They presently arrived at the gate of a cottage situated in a most inviting nook, and bearing the unmistakeable impress of affluence and taste. Stopping here, she pressingly invited Henry to enter and take some refreshments before he returned home, which invitation he respectfully accepted, and was ushered into a tasteful, pleasant parlor, with French windows opening upon a fine garden, still bearing some traces of its summer glory. His fair hostess came in, bearing a large tray in her hands, containing a pair of cold quail, cakes, fruit, and wine, which she placed before him on a small table. She hoped he would do justice to her slight refection, she said; then asking an excuse for a few moments, she left him. He found himself somewhat vexatious from his morning's exercise, and did ample honor to the lunch provided for him. Being loth to depart without once more beholding his entertainer, and learning at least her name, he leisurely strolled out into the garden and amused himself in examining the various objects of taste placed there. At the end of the enclosure he came upon a shooting-walk, while in a little pavilion he found a variety of implements for target-shooting. Selecting an excellent pair of pistols, he occupied himself, with very indifferent success, in practising with them, until turning around after an unusually bad shot, he encountered the laughing eyes of his hostess.

"I cannot congratulate you upon being a good shot," said she, banteringly.

"I allow no one to pass a verdict upon my skill, unless they have the ability to excel me," replied he, feeling slightly piqued at the tone of superiority adopted by the lady.

"If those bullets are planted with your greatest skill, I think I can win a right to judge you, at least in pistol-shooting."

Henry answered not, but raised the instrument and placed the ball within a half an inch of the centre of the target. Turning triumphantly, he took his seat in a very satisfactory mood upon a rural seat, and looked a challenge plainer than he could speak it. With laughing confidence, she took up the glove which he had dropped accidentally, and held it before his eyes, saying—

"As you have thrown the gauntlet, I have no other honorable alternative but to pick it up."

"I shall claim a boon upon your ill success," said he, as she fixed the glove upon the target.

Going within the pavilion she then brought out a splendidly mounted revolver, and taking a position some four or five paces farther from the mark than did Altamont, she pointed the weapon with all the nerve and coolness possible, and firing, cut the four fingers and thumb from the unfortunate gauntlet, leaving nothing but a sorry shred of brown kid in its place.

"Your boon! your boon! what was it?" said she.

"I have lost all claim to it," replied he, "still it is none the less a boon which I long to have granted."

"What is it? If it is not too much."

"Oh no, it is not too much, I only wished to learn the name of so singular a young lady as I have chanced to meet this morning."

"I shall hardly grant your request, dear sir. Perhaps, as you consider me such an unfeminine creature, you may invent some cognomen suited to my masculine tastes and habits."

"Hum, Diana?"

"Hum, not that if you please. Too common."

"Hippolite?"

"Not exactly."

"Amazonia?"

"Precisely. That is the character you have assigned to me some time ago. Your looks betray you. It may be justly assigned—a modern Amazon."

Henry rode home the personification of chagrin, all proceeding from the humiliating lesson his pride had received on the shooting-walk. The gentlemen are so tender upon this point, and alive to any appearance of encroachment by the other sex, that they almost hate the fair innovator who dares even to equal them in any manly sport or exercise. It was thus with Altamont, who prided himself much upon his physical accomplishments, and nursed this his only weakness until it had a considerable control over his faculties, and prompted him sometimes to make a pompous display of his abilities in order to satisfy his little vanity upon this subject. Aside from this little failing it must be confessed he entertained some very wrong notions about the lordly superiority of man over the gentler sex, and other similar ideas equally erroneous. It was principally this that most galled his sensitive vanity; to be beaten was not much, but to be defeated by a person inferior both in mental and physical endowments was humiliating. Yet with all his growing dislike to his conqueror, Altamont discovered a species of admiration for her which he could hardly subdue. Her beauty, wit, charming manners and accomplishments, though many of them were unfeminine, could not fail to win some tribute of appreciation from such a man as he; and if her tastes and pursuits had not done such violence to his ideas of the softer proprieties of woman, it would be safe to anticipate the growth of a warmer feeling than admiration.

Altamont improved daily in health and appearance under the favorable influences with which he was surrounded. His buoyant spirits resumed their happy sway once more, impelling the life currents with their old vigor through his veins, and lighting his eyes with the energetic fires of a restless mind. Much of his time was spent in the open air in various exercises and sports as riding, gunning, and fishing. Amazonia was often met in these wanderings, but these meetings were not sought by Altamont, nor did they give him pleasure. Yet from continued intercourse there sprung up a familiar, chatty acquaintanceship, which was far from unpleasant even to Altamont. He still addressed her as Amazonia, nor tried to learn her true name since his first attempt and failure, while she as readily responded to it. Often would she guide him in his morning rides to some beautiful lake, a pretty cascade, or lead him to points where the best views of the landscape were to be had. Enlivening the route with piquant descriptions and eloquent delineations which were of such a lively, entertaining character as to engage Altamont warmly in a discussion before he was aware of it, and in spite of the determined resistance of his premeditated reserve. Sometimes when he was in the softened humor they would strike upon a level stretch of prairie, and then she away for a race. The chestnut would put his nose down and strike across the turf with the speed of the wind, while the little black pony would scamper along by his side, bounding along with a strength of muscle that often brought him in ahead at the end of the contest. Altamont carried away with the spirit of the sport gave himself up entirely to the enjoyment; uncovering his head, and cheering his horse on with a shout, he forgot his dislike of his companion, and thought her the most beautiful being he had ever seen as she rode before him with graceful daring; her curls streaming on the wind, while every feature of her animated countenance betrayed an intensity of enjoyment not dreamed of by persons of gentler instincts. He was in a fair way to forget his refined ideas of female delicacy, and excuse all those seeming faults and irregularities which he had before considered so unpardonable; and perhaps it would be a safe hazard to say that his simple admiration was rapidly approaching adoration, and would undoubtedly have arrived at that devout consummation had it not been for a circumstance, which on ordinary occasions begets gratitude, though on this it aroused a feeling very nearly the contrary. But let us read Altamont's own account of himself to his dearest friend, who is still continuing his wanderings in Europe.

Dear Julian—

I came home to die, but much to the disappointment of sundry heirs-at law, I am now rejoicing in a high state of health, with a prospect of realizing the prediction of green old age. I suppose you are still basking in the sunshine of Countess Jolt's smiles, and playing the guitar under her window of dark nights. Ha, ha, do you remember your thrumming and singing yourself hoarse under the windows of a "house to let," thinking you were delighting the pretty countess? That was truly the best joke of the season. The charming Lydia, whom you left to mourn your absence at home, I fear would hardly approve of your foreign intrigues if she was aware to what extent you carried them. Ah, Paul, you are too bad to treat such a paragon of perfection in the manner you do. And you almost made me believe you loved her. So glowing were your descriptions of her beauty and excellence, that I adored her myself from merely your ardent recital. Beauty unparalleled; manners pleasing; expression vivacious; wit delicate and poignant; lively, intellectual, sparkling, accomplished, unaffected, &c., and so on, and after all this you will lavish your caresses upon painted, married Dutch women. I only hope I may be able to discover the fair object of your inconstancy that I may rescue her from the fate that awaits her if she continues in believing you faithful. But leaving these first reproaches aside, I must tell you of the discovery I have recently made in this vicinity. I have made the acquaintance of Hippolytus, the Queen of the Amazons; she roams the forests hereabout incog; rejoicing at present in the name of Amazonia, going forth daily conquering and to conquer. And if were not for some redeeming characteristics, she would be a most horrid monster indeed, but as it is she is not more than half that. She shoots with unerring aim—angles for trout—pulls a good oar—swims—rides a wild devil of a horse—and for aught I know, she smokes, drinks, and fights. She is a sort of female vampyre preying upon my comfort and happiness continually; ever crossing my path; appearing to me in the most unlooked-for places, and at the most unseasonable times. She catches all the fish, shoots all the game, beats my chestnut in racing; excels me in pistol shooting; and to cap the climax of the humiliations she has heaped upon my devoted head, she even went so far as to prevent me from drowning, by actually plunging into the water and swimming after me. I had rather drowned a thousand times, than had a woman lift a finger to get me out. It was thus. I was out on a little lake one fair morning, rowing easily along in a small skiff, hoping to find a few ducks in a little cove at a small distance off. When turning the point of land which sheltered the cove—bang! bang! went the two barrels of a fowling-piece, and away flew the ducks pell mell. As the flock arose not half-a-dozen rods from where I was, I caught my gun and jumped up; hastily bringing the tubes to bear, I brought down three fine canvas back; but in the hurry of the affair, my little eggshell of a skiff upset, leaving me floundering in ten feet of the coldest kind of water—and you know I can't swim a stroke. I went down to the bottom, and then kicked myself to the surface again, where I remained just long enough to see a young lady (in fact Amazonia,) making ready to plunge in the water after me. Taking a good mouthful of air, I sank again, and resolving never to be rescued by a woman, I made no effort to regain the top; but the mermaid positively dove and brought me up in spite of myself, and then struck away for the shore, where she landed me nine-tenths drowned and wholly insensible. I presently became possessed of my wandering wits once more, and found my head lying in the lady's lap, while she was actually laughing at me, undoubtedly in triumph at having exhibited another proof of her physical superiority. But the crowning indignity became apparent to me upon my next visit to the mirror—my moustache, my darling moustache, was gone—my lip was completely shorn of its pride. She had removed the badge of my manhood, as a coward is deprived of his epaulettes, or a craven knight of his spurs. Now, dear Julian, imagine my situation. I whose only vanity is in my physical accomplishments, who never met a superior in the Gymnasium, and back the best horse in Virginia;—have been beaten, shamefully beaten by a woman. Heavens! the very thought distracts me with rage. And to increase my mortification, she intrudes herself, and makes me indebted to her for my very life, and then to show her perfect contempt for my ignorance of manly sports, she has the matchless effrontery to disfigure my beard. No man should do it and live. I would hate her if I could—and I do almost. If a strong dislike could be called hate, then I do hate her. Notwithstanding the persecution, (I may well call it,) I have been subjected to, I will admit there are some excellencies about the girl. She is not coarse or heyden—but on the whole rather sensible and refined in speech, though in action horrible. Pretty in feature—rather what perhaps you would call enchanting. Witty enough, I suppose, for any practical purpose, and in a perpetual flutter of vivacity; but I am too ill natured to give her credit for anything attractive or becoming. At any rate, Paul, I shall endure her no longer, but travel again soon merely to rid myself of the probability of meeting her again. I'll write you again at Paris, on your return homeward. As the page is full, I will not send any more at present.

But believe me still as ever,
Your friend,
HENRY ALTAMONT.

To JULIAN PAUL, Esq.

Thus Altament, goaded by what he thought the uncivil attention and rude society of his preserver, determined to flee her; for he was too well bred and gallant to treat her with impoliteness; and even went so far as to assume the seeming of gratitude, although it was a feeling entirely foreign to his heart in this instance. He was evidently under obligation to her, according to the views of the world on such subjects, but how debasing to his pride was the obligation. The only apparent method of avoiding the irritating effect of such recollections seemed to be flight from the scene of the events. Therefore Altamont announced to his father his intention of again absenting himself from home on another tour to Europe.

The bluff old gentleman was astonished, and well he might be, for not three months ago his son returned from a long trip, sick of travelling, and only too happy to see home once more.

"Tour to Europe?" quoth the doctor, "not a word of it. Why, Harry, you're crazy. You'll be starting for the moon next. No, sir—not a step. You must have a straight-jacket and low diet. You have but just returned from Europe. At anyrate, wait till spring. Stay with us until after the holidays at least, dear Hal." And so the old gentleman ran on, mixing command and entreaty, till Henry finally postponed his departure until after the Christmas feasts.

CHAPTER II.

LYDIA' FALCONDALE.

The sun shone cheerily through the diamond panes of the breakfast-room at Homestead Cottage, and revealed a comfortable home scene, that appeared inviting happiness to the wide hearthstone and dancing wood fire. Henry Altamont, clothed in a rich dressing gown, his feet elevated to the mantel-piece, and his hands folded across his vest, threw his head back and gave himself up entirely to the enjoyment of his morning segar. The "Reveries of a Bachelor" were passing through his mind, leading him gradually onward to a dreamy unconsciousness of external circumstances, to the airy domains of imagination, while he experienced the self-satisfied felicity of a young gentleman of wealth with nothing to do but amuse himself. These speculations were rudely interrupted by the entrance of a mulatto boy, bringing letters from the post. Hastily glancing over the package, Altamont was surprised at finding one in a small, white envelope, directed to some individual bearing the name of "Miss Lydia Falcondale," and farther, it was in the handwriting of Julian Paul, and bore the Naples post-mark, or Altamont's eyes deceived him.

"Tom! hello, Tom!" cried he, after the retreating servant, "where did you get that letter?"

"Found it in the path, mass Harry," answered he, "spose somebody drapt it."

Among the other letters was found another bearing the Naples post-mark, and directed to "Henry Altamont, Esq., Homestead Cottage," &c. Breaking the seal, he found it was a very racy epistle from the same gentleman who had addressed Miss Lydia Falcondale. He objected strenuously to the summary way Henry proposed of rescuing his Lydia from her untimely fate, and sympathized, in a very left-handed manner, with the much-injured and persecuted Altamont, closing with wishing he might live to be abused in the same way, expressing it as his greatest desire to meet Amazonia and be conquered by her, saying he would gladly relinquish even his "paragon of perfection" for such a person as he described the fair huntress, which observation led Henry to the natural conclusion that Julian cared scarcely a straw for the "paragon," and that she ought to be disabused of the idea that he did care for her. "But who was the paragon?" Evidently Lydia. And who was Lydia? It could not be called a shrewd guess, under the circumstances, to say she was, in all probability, the "Miss Lydia Falcondale" to whom Julian Paul, Esq., had sent a letter in a dainty-scented envelope. But as to who "Miss Lydia Falcondale" was, Henry was entirely ignorant. That she resided in that vicinity was undeniable; for there was the residence on the envelope, written in a bold, manly hand, proclaiming to the post-mistress, and from her to the rest of womankind, that "Miss Lydia has got another letter from a gentleman."

Henry dismissed the subject, and after perusing the rest of the letters, equipped himself for a walk. Passing out of the garden-gate, he found himself in a pleasant lane, lined with rows of trees, along which he was slowly walking, in a musing mood, when bursting through the bushes that fringed the path, bounded two fine pointers. As Henry became interested in observing their gambols, he noticed upon the neck of one of them a silver collar, which appeared to be engraved with a name. Calling the docile brute to his side, he read: "Presented to Miss Lydia Falcondale by her Cousin."

"This doubtless comes under the head of special interpositions and remarkable coincidences," said Henry to himself. "The next thing in order is the lady herself; and there she is, walking in beauty like the Queen of Night, if any reliance is to be placed in Paul's statements; hum—the paragon—"

Altamont quickened his pace, in order to overtake a closely-shawled and veiled figure strolling leisurely along in advance. As he came up behind her, he took a hasty inventory of the external appearance of the supposed-to-be Lydia. Item—one ringlet, dark brown, rather extra; item—very fine figure, majestic, yet easy, medium height; item—excellently-shaped ankle; item—another ankle; one lace mit, very small; item—one round, white piece of arm, with a bracelet seen between the elbow and wrist. Sundries—straw bonnet, veil, shawl, dress, parasol, etc., etc. Stepping up to her side, Henry made an elaborate obeisance, and inquired if he had the pleasure of addressing Miss Falcondale? Ascertaining that such was the lady's name, he introduced himself, and said:

"I have been fortunate enough, dear madam, to come in possession of a bit of property to which I am confident you have the best claim."

And unclasping his pocket-book, he presented her with the letter which had been found. He then entered into an explanation of the manner in which he gained possession of the document in question, and from that sprung up a very pleasant conversation upon various topics, in the course of which the lady learned the acquaintanceship of Altamont and Paul. At the end of the lane they came to a poor cottage, whither Miss Falcondale was bound on an errand of charity; here they parted, and Altamont went home, charmed with the grace and bewitching naiveté of the lady, while at the same time he became conscious that he had not yet beheld her face, it being veiled, and he would not even know her should he meet her again. Still, he worked himself into a very delectable state of speculation with regard to what might happen if and if; when the very unwelcome truth obtruded itself that his old friend and highly esteemed college companion, Julian Paul, Gent., had a well established claim upon the object of his cogitations; therefore Altamont's splendid castles in the air were straightway depopulated, and advertised for sale at an alarming sacrifice. The fact plainly evident was, that Lydia Falcondale probably fully equalled Altamont's ideal of womanly excellence, and even surpassed his exacting notions in many points which constituted anything but a fault in his eyes. He hesitated not a moment in drawing a contrast between the modest mission of benevolence of Lydia Falcondale and the wild morning amusements of Amazonia. Instead of trooping over the hills at a break-neck speed, as the latter lady was accustomed to do, she was content to pace the secluded walk in a calm and meditative mood; and as to hooking a trout, he presumed if she was not quite ignorant of such a procedure, her gentle instincts would be too much shocked at such cruelty to engage in sports of that character. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE EXPERIENCE OF A BLIND MAN.

[The Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, a blind minister, in his Autobiography, states the following interesting facts in relation to his experience of the effects of blindness:]

Multitudes of persons have seemed to regard me as dwelling in solitude. This, I suppose, has been on account of my blindness. Because I did not see people with the bodily eye, one of the windows of the mind, they supposed I did not see them at all, and that I could not come in contact, or mingle my sympathies with them, as readily and fully as if nothing had happened. This idea of my position has indicated itself to my observation in different ways. I have sometimes heard ministers, when I have been in the pulpit with them, pray that God would cheer me in my great and long solitude. This superficial view of my situation has amused and surprised me. I have been one of the most social of human beings, and have been, in a much greater degree than common, mixed up and identified with my fellow-beings. This has been well known by all who have been familiar with me. They have all found it very easy to keep up with me the most direct and energetic sympathies, and I have taken a quick and earnest interest in all persons and things about me. An erroneous method of conceiving of the external senses is very common. The philosophical idea of the different senses is, that they are so many windows through which the soul looks out; and if any window is darkened, the soul learns to seek its information through other windows. It is a direct and easy way to mark the expression of another person, by looking at his countenance and manner; and, because it is easier to use the eye in discovering the expression of another the ear is not much relied on. But the ear, after all, is a more acute and faithful sentinel than the eye. The feelings of the inner man ray themselves out through the voice more perfectly than through the varying expressions of the eye. I can interpret a man's mind more acutely through his voice than I could through his face, if I had the eyes of an Argus. I have often surprised people by speaking of the expression of their eyes, which I perceived from the tones of their voice. The soul paints itself, with all its fleeting tints and shades of feeling, more minutely and perceivably through the accents of the voice, than through the varying but fainter expression of the eye.

I have been through life active in my habits; have exercised, by walking and riding, without any obstruction from my blindness, and as much as almost any other man. I have mingled with the utmost familiarity in the public, and also in the domestic scenes of life, and have been anything but a solitary man. I have thought, lived, and felt, out of the narrow dwelling of self, as fully and earnestly as any other human being. This idea of my solitude, I have observed, very quickly vanishes from the minds of persons on becoming acquainted with me. My sight was good till I reached manhood, so that all the forms of nature were familiar to my imagination, and they have all dwelt with perfect vividness in my memory. I have forgotten no object I ever saw. When I visit new scenes, I get a description of them; or I visit them and get the palpable avouch of my own remaining senses. I have enjoyed the fine moonlight and the jewelry of the Heavens over my head, as much as the man of perfect vision. I have taken great delight in climbing the mountain and in descending into the glen. The state of my eyes has obstructed me in regard to all these pursuits and pleasures much less than others imagine; it is wonderful how intellect and resolution will surmount any impediments that may happen to the external senses.

THE CELESTIAL DIAL.—Our artificial time-keepers—clocks, watches and chronometers, however ingeniously contrived and admirably fabricated, are but a transcript, so to say, of the celestial motions, and would be of no value without the means of regulating them by observation. It is impossible for them, under any circumstances, to escape the imperfections of all machinery, the work of human hands—and the moment we remove with our time-keeper east or west it fails us. It will keep home time alone, like the fond traveller who leaves his heart behind him. The artificial instrument is of incalculable utility, but must itself be regulated by the eternal clock-work of the skies.

This single consideration is sufficient to show how completely the daily business of life is affected and controlled by the heavenly bodies. It is they and not our main-springs, our expansion balances and our compensation pendulums, which give us our time. To reverse the line of Pope:

"'Tis with our watches as our judgments;—none
Go just alike, but each believes his own."

But for all the kindreds, and tribes and tongues of men,—each upon their own meridian—from the Arctic pole to the Equator, and from the Equator to the Antarctic pole, the eternal sun strikes twelve at noon, and the glorious constellations far up in the everlasting belfries of the skies, chime twelve at midnight; twelve for the pale student over his flickering lamp; twelve amid the flaming glories of Orion's belt, if he crosses the meridian of that fated hour; twelve by the weary couch of languishing humanity; twelve in the star-paved courts of the Empyrean; twelve for the heaving tides of the ocean; twelve for the weary arm of labor; twelve for the toiling brain; twelve for the watching, waking, broken heart; twelve for the meteor which blazes for a moment and expires; twelve for the comet whose period is measured by centuries; twelve for every substantial, for every imaginary thing, which exists in the sense, the intellect, or the fancy, and which the speech or thought of man, at the given meridian, refers to the lapse of time.—*Edward Everett.*

DELICIOUS MOUTHFUL.—The following curious anecdote of a pious Indian, at Yarmouth, is related in Barber's Historical Collection of Massachusetts: "Being alone in the woods he was attacked by a number of black snakes, who, according to their custom, commenced winding themselves around his legs, body and arms, until they had completely pinioned him. One of them at length made a tight fold around his neck, and was endeavoring by this means to produce strangulation and cause him to open his mouth. The Indian had been taught their custom, and was sufficiently sensible of the game which his wily adversary was playing. He therefore opened his mouth with great self-possession, and as soon as the snake had inserted his black head within his jaws, he very wisely bit it off, and spit it out. The rest of the snakes seeing the flowing blood, and beholding their dead comrade, speedily unwound their folds, and betook themselves to flight.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1856.

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TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

CLOSE OF VIVIA.

We finish Vivia this week, on the sixth page. Our readers will be pleased to find that it ends at last happily and cheerily—which many thought it was not going to do.

THE SUCCESSES OF INFERIOR MEN.

It is remarked by Thucydides, we believe, that "in conflicts, inferior men for the most part prevail," and the reason given is, that the superiors, despising their antagonists, and trusting to their own mental and moral superiority, do not attempt to gain by action, what they are conscious is theirs by right and wisdom, while the inferior men, conscious of their danger, proceed to a quick and anticipatory course of action, and destroy their adversaries before they can put themselves on their guard. The London Times recently called attention to the fact, as the key to the success of the O'Donnell Coup d'Etat in Spain. *But is it not, in fact, a truth capable of far more general application?* The King of Naples displays it quite as effectually as the Queen and Ministry of Spain. How often do tyrants succeed, where men of the most noble and liberal views fail. Metternich was defeated, and the boy Emperor of Austria succeeds. The Poles are crushed to the earth, and the serfs of Russia tread them down. The few strong but unprincipled men triumph again and again in governments, in commercial and private life, where many innocent, wiser, better men fail. Walker, and a few hundred desperate adventurers, hold Central America, with its well-meaning thousands, in subjection, and the literary, amiable, excellent-intentioned Lamartine, with the best wishes of France at his back, was at once driven into exile, by one who was *only* known as having lived, up to that time, a wild, reckless life of mad adventure, folly and dissipation.—*Public Ledger.*

Doubtless the above is partly true. But the *London Times*, in finding an instance of its truth in the success of O'Donnell over Espartero, forgets that in several qualities, such as activity and decision, Espartero was not the superior man. Espartero, judging from some of the statements we have seen, is noble and honorable, but rather inclined to inaction—rather lazy, as some might disrespectfully term it. Now, that must be a very weighty body which can exercise much influence with a very slow momentum—and the active, resolute man, who is able to bring all his faculties to bear when and where they are wanted, may really be the superior man so far as power alone is concerned.

Looking at the history of the world, we do not think that the great successes have been with the inferior men. Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Cromwell, Napoleon, Washington—these certainly were not *inferior men*. As to the triumphs of the scientific and literary world, these, it will be admitted, have been almost exclusively won by the superior men in those departments of thought.

But many minds are fond of a paradox even above the truth. And smaller minds may be allowed at least to take their revenges of great ones, by proving that greatness is not everything. But the attempt would be more successful, if it were attempted to be proved that the mere possession of great faculties, without the power or desire to use them, did not imply a superiority over moderate abilities, energetically and perseveringly exerted.

Looking at the matter from a higher point of view, mere worldly successes may not be taken as the true gauge of a successful life. The effect of a life upon not only one generation—but upon continuous generations of men—is the test of the highest success. Often a great man purchases a mere temporary success, at the cost of that true success which he had not sufficient greatness to toil and wait, and, it may be, die for. Milton was not a successful man, in one sense—but who will say now that he was not really more successful than if he had trained and cramped his muse to sing such strains as would have given him immediate popularity at the cost of eternal fame!

But why refer to Milton, or Columbus, or Galileo, or other great and superior minds, when there is one example of the highest success, in the midst of the most painful sufferings and martyrdom, which none will gainsay or dispute. He who came as an Example to Man, obtained in a mere earthly view, the highest success of which man was capable. His impress is upon the thought, the action, the highest intellectual, and the deepest spiritual manifestations of nearly nineteen centuries. And that impress is deepening and widening as the ages flow on. Yet he was arrested in his early manhood, his followers scattered, and himself scourged, mocked, and crucified. The eye of the worldling Jew, as he gazed upon Mount Calvary, beheld but the painful end of a very unsuccessful life. But the eye of Faith saw there the unequalled close of the most truly triumphant of earthly careers.

And yet it might have been very different. "All the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them," said the Tempter, "will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." And the promise might have been fulfilled to the letter. With such resplendent talents, such a magnetic influence of persuasion and command, such a deep and clear insight into the profoundest abysses of the human mind and heart—what might not the Master have accomplished? It needed but the resolution to disregard his Mission of Love and Sacrifice, and to substitute therefor a Mission of Pride and Ambition, to have given a new King to Jerusalem, a new Emperor to the Roman Empire, a new Conqueror to the World.

It was impossible, we admit it was impossible for him to have thus *fallen*—mark that word, *fallen*. That one word contains the full force of an argument.

Now a similar temptation comes to every great mind born into the world—and as it too often happens, the sons of the morning yield and *fall*. And *falling*, such often become kings and conquerors, and great statesmen and high priests—when, if they had not fallen, the age in which they lived would have disregarded and reviled, if not persecuted and slain them. And are they less successful—in the widest and true sense—because of their adherence to the True and the Right? It were a kind of infidelity to believe so.

And in this way inferior men often appear to succeed over superior ones—but it is merely appearance. For not the worldly elevation to which a man attains, but the effect produced by his life upon the life of his race, is the true test alike of his greatness and of his success. Ah, St. Paul never got much higher than a tent maker—and was never very popular among the majority either of Jews or Gentiles—could not have received many suffrages for any important station among them; but he would be a bold man now who should venture to deny that his career was one of the most successful of which the annals of the race make mention. It puzzles one to remember who were the reputed great men of the Apostles' day—but the names of the Apostles themselves, whom these so thought great ones would scarcely have condescended to notice, are written in letters of light upon the pillars of all that is purest in morals, greatest in action, and highest in civilization.

"Everything in this world," says the proverb, "has its price." If a superior man will not pay the price of much of the grandeur of this earth—if he will not crouch and sue, and eat his own words, and always swear by the prevailing opinion—and an inferior man will—is it wonderful that the latter should prevail over the former? We need not go back to Thucydides to explain us that. If one man would rather be President than be Right, and another rather be Right than be President, it should cause no great degree of astonishement if the former triumphed over the latter.

For there is another fact to be considered. Greatness is merely relative. When we call a man great, we mean that he is superior in intellectual or moral qualifications, or both, to the mass of men around him. But, in proportion to the elevation of a man, is there danger of his losing the sympathy of his fellows. As the poet says:—

> "He who ascends to mountain tops, shall find
> The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow,
> He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
> Must look down on the hate of those below.
> Though high above the sun of glory glow,
> And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
> Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
> Contending tempests on his naked head,
> And thus reward the toils which to those summits led!"

Now while we do not fully endorse the sentiments of the splendid but misanthropic bard, we quote them for the modicum of truth which they contain. Too often is the greatness of a man a bar between him and his fellows. Until they learn to respect and reverence the superior gifts of such an one, they often ridicule and despise him. Especially is this the case with men morally in advance of their age. For such men seem to be constantly reproving by their words and actions the less scrupulous world around them. And thus it is that an inferior man may succeed in a worldly aim over a far superior competitor—the former possessing in a greater degree the sympathies of the multitude, and therefore understanding them better. The great statesman may appeal to high principles,—forgetful that principles have a much stronger sway over him than over his brethren; while the cunning and selfish politician may appeal to a like cunning and selfishness in the masses, and see his appeal successful, while that of his nobler antagonist is despised and ridiculed. Thus it is sometimes that a nation will choose some truly noble and unselfish man for its leader, when raised by a strong excitement to the level of his greatness;—and afterwards, as it gradually subsides to its natural level, and the selfish propensities begin once more to acquire the ascendency, abandon itself to the rule of a cold-brained and unscrupulous despot—until a patriotic fervor once more carries it up to the heights of the self-sacrificing and the sublime. When one looks to France, for instance, and remembers what fulness of the emotions she is capable of feeling, it is difficult to believe that she can long rest quietly under the cold and leaden tyranny of Louis Napoleon.

But we leave the subject. Our view of it is briefly, that what the world calls success, is often the saddest disappointment; and what one generation calls defeat, often the brightest triumph in the eyes of the generations that follow;—that the superior men, considered not only as men of thought, but of action, do generally succeed in what they undertake;—and lastly, that when they do not, it is often because they rate their fellow men too highly. If our views be not wholly correct, a consideration of them may nevertheless lead to a greater correctness of view in others.

KANSAS.

It will be seen by the news from Kansas which we publish this week, that there is now a prospect of a reign of peace and good order in this distracted territory. If Governor Geary will exert his powers to prevent the marching of any more bands into the territory with the purpose of invasion, or of merely voting and returning, we do not believe there will be any further difficulties.

Parties, armed or unarmed, that seek the territory to become actual settlers, should be protected from molestation. The mere fact of settlers being united in a company, and of their being armed, should not militate against them—for it is not likely that after what has occurred, such obvious means of self protection should be disregarded by emigrants. But the Governor should keep a strict watch upon all such parties—and if they evince no real desire to settle, he should speedily bring the U. S. troops upon them, and escort them out of his jurisdiction.

Governor Geary is reported to have expressed a determination to enforce the laws passed by the disputed Legislature—and again, he is reported to have said, the *constitutional* laws of that Legislature. If he be wise, and really desirous of preserving the peace of the Territory—and desires simply fair play to all—he will be very cautious how he meddles with those laws at all. Let him remember how those acts were passed, and what many of them are. There is now, we believe, no dispute between the great political parties of the country, upon these points. All admit, since the report of the Committee of Congress appointed to visit Kansas and take testimony relative to these matters, that the so-called Legislature of Kansas was elected by about five thousand men from Missouri, who overwhelmingly overpowered the vote of the people of that Territory. We say there is no longer, among intelligent men of all parties, any dispute upon this point.

It is further admitted by the intelligent members of all the three great parties, that among the laws passed by that legislature thus elected, are several which are entirely contrary to the Constitution of the United States, and infinitely worse than any which our fathers rose in rebellion to oppose. We say that however doubtful these facts may have been at first, and how much a matter of dispute, there is no longer any difference of opinion among intelligent men of all parties respecting them. Any attempt therefore to enforce such laws, passed by a legislature so unfairly elected, could hardly fail to plunge Kansas anew into civil discord and confusion.

——Since the writing of the above, later accounts cause us to fear that our hopes were premature. It is stated that General Reid has been reinforced from Missouri, and is again on the march against Lawrence. The first proclamation of Governor Geary, ordering all parties to lay down their arms, has been followed by an additional proclamation ordering the enrolment of the territorial militia, and that they shall hold themselves in readiness "for the suppression of all combinations to resist the laws, and for the maintenance of public order and civil government." The first proclamation stated that the regular (U. S.) force was "sufficient to insure the execution of the laws." The language of the Inaugural Address is also exceedingly ambiguous. Now when it is considered that these laws are the very thing in dispute between the two parties, any attempt to enforce acquiescence to them will probably result in strife and commotion.

The election to be held on the first of October for a Territorial Legislature, also seems to promise very little. For the law ordering it was enacted by what is called the "bogus legislature," and provides for a militia muster on the same day. It is further ordered that every voter, offering his ballot, must swear that he will support the Constitution of the United States, and that he will *support and sustain* the provisions of an act entitled "An act to organize the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas," and the provisions of the law of the United States commonly known as the "*Fugitive Slave Law.*" Under this state of affairs, it is not probable that the Free State men will vote at all—but will contend that a lawful legislature, that of Topeka, is already elected. We fear, therefore, there is no hope of peace and order in the Territory, until Congress either decides which is the true legislature, or else sweeps both the contending bodies into oblivion, and decrees a new election, taking the proper precautionary measures to prevent any unfair voting thereat. Until Congress has time to do this, the best course, it seems to us, for Gov. Geary to pursue, is to simply preserve peace and order, without siding with either party.

THE EASTERN WAR.

Before the events connected with the great contest between Russia on the one side, and England, France, Austria and Turkey on the other, have faded from the minds of our readers, we wish to call their attention to the fact that the results of that contest have fully proven the soundness of the views taken by the Anti-Russian portion of the American press during the continuance of the struggle. The course of a large portion of the press of this country during those important difficulties, seemed based upon the most ignoble and narrow jealousy. The great principles at issue were cunningly thrust aside, and no opportunity was lost to eulogize the cause and the abilities of the Russians at the expense of their antagonists. If we remember rightly, it was sagely predicted upon one occasion, in the editorial columns of a leading New York paper, that the Allied forces in the Crimea before many weeks would be driven into the sea—and this was but an extreme instance of the bad judgment or the worse misrepresentation to which we have alluded.

But "Time brings its sure revenges"—and those revenges are needful and proper punishments. It is only fair that those who have taken advantage of their position to abuse the public mind, should afterwards suffer the penalty—and therefore it is that we feel it no lack of charity, to recall for a moment the attention of our readers to this matter, and bid them note it down upon their mental tablets that the Pro Russian portion of the American press has been condemned at last by the issue of events, as possessing either an unsound or a perverted judgment.

We need not refer in detail to the erroneous judgments and the false representations of the Pro-Russian press, for our readers cannot fail to remember a sufficient number of them. Let us recall a few at random:—

That Russia would never sue for peace.

That Russia could not be seriously injured.

That Russia was full of resources—abounding alike in money and in men.

That the Allies had only made a pretence of succoring Turkey, and were themselves preparing to occupy and annex it.

That France had already taken possession of Constantinople, and never would give it up.

That the Allied troops would always find some pretext to remain on Turkish soil.

That the Sultan was sorry that he had not allowed Russia to swallow him, rather than be betrayed by his false friends.

But why continue the list—every reader will recollect how the changes were rung upon a host of charges all imputing the supremest selfishness to the Allies; and how prediction after prediction was made that Turkey would find that she had but exchanged a single Russian tyrant for three allied ones.

And now how completely have these charges and predictions been proved either wilfully or ignorantly untrue by the results!

On the other hand, the effect of the Allied occupation upon Turkey, appears so far to be of the most beneficial character. As the crusading bands of Western Europe learned much from the Mohammedan Saracens whom they invaded in times long past—so now the followers of Islamism are profiting greatly by the protecting presence among them of the enlightened sons of the Crusaders. Numerous statements and anecdotes that bound, prove how completely the bigoted and exclusive spirit of Mahometanism is broken down in European Turkey. Probably in no other mode could the masses of the Turkish people have been so speedily and thoroughly convinced of the superior enlightenment of the Christians of Western Europe. "Christian *dog*" is no longer considered an expressive epithet at Constantinople. The greatest blow that the religion of Mohammed ever received—all the greater because given in love and not in hate—has been given by the allied forces of France and England.

Just consider the following facts, which came to hand by the late European papers:—

The Sultan has made a grant of land for the construction of a hospital near Constantinople, to be called the Hospital of Peace, to be open to all nations, and to be attended by Sisters of Charity.

The Paris correspondent of the Morning Post states that, since the publication of the new law in Turkey, 106 Christian Churches have been repaired or constructed. The Sultan alone contributed 25,000 francs to one building in the island of Candia. In fact, so far as the Sultan, Ali Pacha, and the government generally, are concerned, everything is being done to conciliate the Christian subjects of the Porte, and improve the condition of the empire.

And these things are not to be wondered at. The conduct of France and England in interposing between the weak Mahometan and the strong and haughty Czar, has had its natural effect. The Turk, like everybody else, judges the tree by its fruits. Christian nations have succored him in his hour of need—and have not swallowed him whole as the price of his rescue—and therefore he not only tolerates, but regards benignantly and kindly, the erection of Christian churches in his dominions. Yes, even gives $5,000 himself to one church in the island of Candia.

And the effect of the war, even upon Russia, has been good. If Russia had been allowed to annex Turkey, it would have fed and fattened her pride and ambition, already grown insufferable. And would peace have been secured? Not at all. The battle would still have to be fought—for Egypt next, or perhaps Italy. And war! war! war! would have become doubly the idol of the Russian masses.

But, as it is, the pride of Russia, grown unbearably excessive, has been humbled. An unsuccessful and unjust war, in which she has lost great treasure, hundreds of thousands of her sons, and a large portion of her renown, has broken down somewhat the military spirit—the military insanity, rather—of the nation. The war party has been levelled as by a whirlwind; and the peace party, the friends of industrial progress, scientific improvement, and social amelioration, are in the ascendant. They can point to the bloody and blackened ruins of Sebastopol, and say to the foul lust for military carnage—that is thy work! And, on the other hand, point to smiling villages, and teeming workshops, and gigantic railroads, and say, those are our works—which will thou choose, oh, Russia? And Russia responds with all her heart for Peace and Industrial Progress—and seems to have totally abandoned her old dream of Universal Dominion through the power of the sword.

The results of the Eastern War, therefore, have proved the soundness of judgment and of spirit, of the Anti-Russian portion of the American press. And we trust it may prove a warning to the people, hereafter, not to follow too readily those who would seduce them from the old and beaten paths. But to array themselves upon all such occasions, with the party which has the Just and Generous side, whether that party be an ancient enemy or not. Especially let them not allow the selfish thought that a powerful rival will grow stronger by success, to prompt them to wish that rival defeat in any noble, just, or generous enterprise. This is a meanness of itself almost sufficient to ruin a nation—and to cause all noble-minded men to exclaim with one voice, that its ruin is just.

THE HOOPS.

The editor of the Medical and Surgical *Journal*, comes out strongly in favor of hoops. He says nothing can be more appropriate during the heat of the summer, than these light frames to raise the weight of the skirts from the hips and lower part of the back. He counsels moderation, however, and cautions the ladies against making such very airy sprites of themselves as to take cold. So therefore ladies beware of the *whooping* cough.

Doubtless the hoops are less objectionable than an equal circumference full of skirts; but that is all that can be said in their favor. They deform the figure greatly, spoiling the natural symmetry when there is any to spoil, and not bettering a bad figure by artificial means, which would be excusable. Of course as it is the fashion, even sensible ladies, we suppose, must wear these abominations, or look odd; but we conjure such to enlarge their borders as little as possible. The ladies' fashions, of late years, have been marked by so much good taste and sense, that we never expected to see any of the old monstrosities back again upon us. The Empress Eugenie has the reputation of being a sensible woman; but we very much doubt her claims to such a reputation. In order to save her own ridiculous sensitiveness, she has influenced millions of her sex to deform themselves without occasion. It is an old saying that "women are born aristocrats;" from the way that the leading women of this country blindly follow the ridiculous fashions of the French Court, we might almost say, "Women are born courtiers." Notwithstanding all the female ridicule of the Bloomers—and we think it well deserved—we have little doubt that if the Empress Eugenie and her court were to adopt the pantaloons, all our ladies would soon follow suit.

PARK BENJAMIN AS A LECTURER.—We are requested to state that Mr. Benjamin has no engagements of an Editorial or other kind, which will in any manner interfere with his usual acceptance of invitations to lecture from the various Lyceums and Associations. On the contrary it is his intention to pursue, as heretofore, his profession as a public speaker. We believe Mr. Benjamin's terms are as moderate as those of any other well known lecturer. His address is New York city.

Editors who will copy this notice, will confer particular favor on Mr. Benjamin.

CORRECTION.—On our fifth page we give some extracts from a private letter received by a gentleman of this city, from a friend in the Far West. The gentleman to whom the letter was addressed kindly allowed us to publish it, with the understanding that we would omit those portions of it which were of a private or personal character; but we regret having to say that a paragraph will be found in the published portion, which being of a personal nature, should not have appeared. The error was not noticed until too late to rectify it.

☞ A subscriber wishes us to ask for a cure for string halt and blood-spavin in horses.

☞ AGASSIZ "SOLD."—At a very learned discussion on strata, the other day, at the house of the learned professor, a Mr. B——, asked if there were strata of precious gems. "No, none whatever," replied Professor Agassiz. "I've heard of one," said Mr. B——. "Impossible!" was the rejoinder. "Oh, yes," said B——, "and it was called a *strata-gem*."

☞ "That man," meaning the Reverend John Wesley, said a Right Reverend Bishop to George the Third, "should be silenced, your majesty." "True, my lord, true," rejoined the King, "we'll make a bishop of him, and he'll never preach again."

☞ For the extinguishment of fires, where tank water is used, it should be kept saturated with alum, because wherever the alum water falls the material is rendered nearly incombustible.

☞ THE THREE GREAT ERAS OF MAN'S EXISTENCE.—Cupid! Cupidity!! Stupidity!!!—*A Strong-minded Woman.*

☞ A recruiting sergeant addressed an honest country bumpkin in one of the streets of Manchester with, "Come, my lad, thou'lt fight for thy King, wou'l thou?" "Voight for my King," answered Hodge, "why, has he *fawn* out wi' ony body?"

☞ Conversation is a Republic, that perishes the moment any one sets himself up as a dictator.

☞ Pedants who proscribe pleasantry are like cripples who decry dancing.

☞ Children talk of what they are doing; young people of what they will do; and the old of what they have done.

☞ Our habits are at first the slaves of our desires, and at last their tyrants—like an old servant, who begins by obeying us in all things, and ends by domineering over us.—*Punch.*

☞ A Mr. George Sharp, commonly called by his friends G *Sharp*, looking rather dull one evening in company, a friend observed, "G. Sharp was in rather a *low key*." "Oh!" replied a young lady, "any one knows that G *Sharp* is A *flat*."

☞ A beautiful young actress who recently left Paris for St. Petersburg, took with her only *sixty* trunks filled with her wardrobe, jewels, &c. Number of bandboxes not stated, but supposed to be "too numerous to mention."

☞ The term "newspaper carriers," is modernized, and stands thus—"Gentlemanly disseminators of early intelligence."

☞ "I say, boy, whose horse is that you are riding?" "Why, it's daddy's." "Who is your daddy?" "Why, don't you know?—he's Uncle Peter Jones." "So, you're the son of your uncle—how do you make that out, young man?" "Well, I don't know 'zactly how 'tis," replied the boy, "but you see daddy got to be a widower, and married mother's sister, who is Aunt Sally, and so he's my uncle now."

☞ It is deceiving one's self to believe that it is only violent passions, like those of love and ambition, which are able to triumph over others. Slothfulness, as languishing as it is, permits none to be its mistress; it usurps all the designs and all the actions of life; it destroys and consumes insensibly the passions and the virtues.

☞ A correspondent of the Boston Transcript expresses the opinion that the doings in Utah are manifestly unconstitutional. He avers that the Constitution was ordained to insure "*domestic tranquillity*," and surely two or more wives must certainly endanger that laudable design of the Fathers of the Republic.

☞ When you get in a passion just walk out into the air, you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one or proclaiming yourself a simpleton.

☞ An absurd blunder is related—in Tom Moore's Diary—about John Kemble performing one night at some country theatre one of his favorite parts, and being interrupted from time to time by the squalling of a child in one of the galleries—until at length, angered by his rival performance, Kemble walked with solemn steps to the front of the stage, and addressing the audience in his most tragic tone, said, "*Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped, the child cannot possibly go on.*"

☞ "Bring out The Last Man," said one of our political contemporaries on Monday in staring capitals. We must be near the end of all things when the *last* man is brought forth!—*Portland Transcript.*

☞ Men's feelings are always purest and most glowing in the hour of meeting and farewell; like the glaciers, which are transparent and rosy-hued only at sunrise and sunset, but throughout the day gray and cold.

☞ A young lady writes from Newport, an American watering-place, that "We have to dress about nine times a-day here." Young ladies at Newport with their nine dresses must be like nine-pins—no sooner set up than down again.—*London Punch.*

Life in Paris.

EXPRESSIVE SILENCE—UNDER THE SURFACE—AN IMPERIAL TRAIN, AND IMPERIAL DOINGS—BISHOPS AND PETTICOATS—MATERNAL DEVOTION—A NEW CONGRESS—THE MOON OF THE MOUNTAINS—A BRITISH EQUIPAGE.

PARIS, Sep. 4, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

None of the Paris journals have taken any notice of the letter addressed by the French political exiles at Cayenne to Louis Blanc, and sent by him to the London Times. The *employes* of the Government have endeavored to soften down the ugly facts of the case of these exiles, in the explanations that have been given, it is believed "by authority," to the Paris correspondent of the great British Thunderer; but there is no explaining away the fact that thousands of French citizens were seized and transported, without judge or jury, both at the time of the *coup d'etat*, and on several occasions since, that these men, a large proportion of whom are persons of cultivation, refinement and character, professional men, &c., are mingled indiscriminately with the foulest criminals, and subjected to all the hardships of the military penal code, under a burning sun, and amidst pestilential swamps. It is singular that the English journals, so often stopped at the French frontiers, have been allowed to bring this letter into France. But for this circumstance, however, we should be unaware of its appearance in London.

That the seeming quiet of this country, despite the strong hand and iron will of the present ruler, and notwithstanding the outward signs of prosperity he has evoked, is still but the calm of the sleeping volcano, is no doubt pretty well understood on your side of the Atlantic. The secret societies are as active as ever; and the famous "Marianne" is certainly no fiction, but a gigantic affiliation spreading over every part of the country, and preparing, by every means in its power to bring about a general conflagration at the first opportunity. Persons whom I have good reason to believe well informed on this subject, regard an outbreak as inevitable, and at no distant time. The overthrow of the existing Government, the destruction of the churches and priests, and the forcible inauguration of a communistic *regime*, form the leading items of this subterranean programme; and as the so-called "lower classes," who are more discontented than ever, in consequence of the excessive dearness of living, constitute the vast majority of the nation, and are enrolled, to a very great extent in the "Marianne"—many belonging to the Republican party, who formerly scouted the idea of there being any danger of massacre and pillage from the masses, as a mere pretence of the Government to mask its vengeance, and give a color to its tyranny, now look forward to a social convulsion more violent and disastrous than any of those through which France has yet passed. Others, again, make light of these fears, declaring that no revolution was ever yet brought about by the shadowy agencies of the "Secret Societies." Beyond these two divisions of the moderately-minded are the friends of the present Government, who seem to think their leader invincible; and the thorough-going Republicans, who would gladly see Danton and Robespierre at work again, if Louis Napoleon can be overthrown by no other agencies.

The police, though always on the search after traces of the "Marianne," and frequently pouncing upon parties whom they suspect of belonging to it, has never been able to seize the clue of its doings, owing to the ingenious method of organization adopted with a view to prevent betrayal by its members. Upon the plan adopted, each member is required to recruit one other member, and one only, and is allowed to know, as members of the affiliation, only two persons, viz.: the member by whom he was recruited and admitted to membership, and the one whom he himself has recruited. The chiefs only, very few in number, know one another, and meet to carry on the affairs of the conspiracy. When a decision has been arrived at by the chiefs, they give the order verbally to those with whom they are in personal communication; these pass on the word, each one to the member by him recruited, and these, in turn, still singly, and unaware of anything beyond, pass the same to the members recruited by them; and so on, to the uttermost link of each of the innumerable chains that reach in this manner, unknown to each other, from the central directing head, to the circumference of the association. When the moment for the outbreak arrives, (if ever it do!) the signal will thus be given from one to another, and the various members will meet at the spot appointed for each rallying point for each division, without its being possible for any member, even if disposed to turn "king's evidence," to do more than denounce the member by whom he was admitted, and the one whom he himself had admitted.

Meantime, while awaiting the events that may, or may not, be in store for this unquiet country, the Emperor and Empress seem to be enjoying themselves amazingly amidst the mountains and waves of Biarritz. The train that took them down to Bayonne was the most complete and luxurious thing of the kind yet achieved by the ingenuity of railway-invention. It contained a parlor, smoking-room, and bed-room for the Emperor; a parlor, bed-room, and *garden* for the Empress; a parlor and bed-room for the baby, governess, and nurse; a parlor and bed-room for the lady of Honor; a parlor, bed-room and smoking-room for the aide-de camp; and a common parlor and suite of bed-rooms for the rest of the imperial suite. All these little rooms were fitted upin the most costly and luxurious manner—French ingenuity contriving to put an incredible amount of comfort and convenience into their limited spaces. But the Empress' garden was the triumph of the whole. The floor of the railway-truck devoted to this purpose was covered with turf, round which ran a path thickly sanded and rolled; around the sides of the truck was a bed of earth into which had been sunk a mass of pots containing flowers and blossoming shrubs, and a trellis, clothed with climbing plants, screened the sides of the truck, giving an air of verdure to the whole. Birds, gold-fish, and cosy rustic seats completed this original garden, with which the Empress was so much delighted, that she stayed in it until dark.

The Queen of Spain, amidst the public disquiet, and the court-rejoicings for the marriage of the Infanta Amalia and the Prince Adalbert of Bavaria, has found time to send a high dignitary to felicitate their majesties on their safe arrival on the Spanish frontier; dinners and dances go merrily on at the Villa Eugenie; and the Imperial pair walk about on the shore, and bathe in the sea, while the baby is trotted about under the shade of the fine trees of the park of Grammont, close by the shore. A few days ago, the Imperial party went out yachting in the boats of the frigate *Newton*; on their return, the water was too low to admit of the boats being brought close ashore, and the Empress and her ladies were carried to land, one after another, in an arm-chair firmly fixed upon planks, and carried to terra firma by a group of sturdy porters.

As a sample of the curious weaknesses and inconsistencies to be found in the high places, I may mention the visit just paid by the Imperial pair, to the little straw-thatched chapel of the Refuge, founded by the Abbe Cestac, in the environs of Biarritz. It seems that, two years ago, when the Empress was down there, the Abbe told her that no matter what she asked of the Virgin in that chapel, it would be granted. The Empress accordingly went there, and addressed to the Virgin a most fervent supplication, whose tenor may easily be guessed. The visit now made to the chapel by the parents of "the hope of France, of Europe, and of the world," was intended as a token of gratitude and thanksgiving to the Virgin who had turned so obliging an ear to the prayer of her Imperial votary! And this in the latter half of "an enlightened nineteenth century," in the midst of steam and electricity, and on the eve, (it is asserted by an enthusiastic inventor,) of finding ourselves in possession of the long-sought desideratum of "perpetual motion!"

The Ecumenical Council at Perigueux is believed to have been forging ecclesiastical thunderbolts against the extravagant toilettes of the day. The ladies of the Southern Departments are therefore trembling for the fate of their beloved balloon petticoats, steel-hoops, crinolines, flounces and furbelows; but are consoling themselves with the reflection that at least eighteen months must elapse before the decision of the assembled bishops can receive the sanction of Rome, and become law to the faithful. In Belgium a movement of reform has already begun. The ladies of Brussels, seeing that suitors for their bell-shaped daughters are not to be had—the men holding back from fear of the excessive expense of the feminine toilette, and marriages being now excessively rare in consequence—have formed a Society for inaugurating a reform of the present abuses. This Society is so successful that others are about to be set on foot in the rest of the Belgian towns.

The Congress of Scandinavian booksellers, including seventy-six Danish, twenty-five Swedish and Norwegian, and ten Finnish brethren of the craft, (the latter having solicited the honor of being received into the Congress,) which has just met in Copenhagen, after addressing to the King of Denmark a petition praying him to use his efforts and those of the diet to bring about various useful measures, such as the multiplication of postal facilities at reduced rates, a grand association and central union of Scandinavian printers and booksellers, and the foundation of a Benefit Fund, among the booksellers and printers of the three Scandinavian kingdoms, has celebrated its meeting by a grand banquet at which toasts were drunk to the prosperity of "Didot, the king of printers," (the great Paris publisher,) to "the Scandinavian booksellers," to "the printers and booksellers of all countries," &c. They also hope to found a Scandinavian Annual Book-Fair, on the plan of that of Leipsic. The hall where the Congress assembled was filled with specimens of the typography of all countries, from the first invention of printing to our day.

The newspapers are still so full of descriptions of the gold and silver brocades, the rich silks embroidered with the precious metals, the gilded carriages covered inside and out with the most exquisite paintings (set into their panelings for the present occasion only, and to be restored to their frames in the Imperial galleries after the Coronation,) and all the other paraphernalia being prepared for the grand event, that we are in danger of having our admiration exhausted before it takes place. Among other details called forth by the approaching occasion is a curious history connected with the largest of the Russian crown-jewels. It seems that this renowned collection contains two diamonds of the first class, one, called the "Orloff," which is about as big as a pigeon's egg, and cut in facets—the other, called the "Moon of the Mountains," being left nearly in its original form, viz., that of an irregular prism, of the size and shape of a man's finger. This jewel is also called the "Shah," having formerly belonged to the crown-jewels of Persia, from which it disappeared, with the rest of the Royal diamonds, after the assassination of Nadyr Shah. Some time after this event, an Affghan soldier, who had served in Persia, offered the "Moon of the Mountains" to an Armenian diamond-vender, at a very low price; but the latter hesitated, for some reason or other, to purchase it, asking the soldier, however, to call again. But the Affghan did not return, and the merchant, now very desirous to get hold of the treasure, searched for him for many years without success, but met him, at last, and by chance, at Bagdad, just as the soldier had disposed of his lot of diamonds for sixty-five thousand piastres, to another diamond-vender. The Armenian procured the address of the new holder of the "Moon of the Mountains," and having failed to induce him to sell it to him, he murdered him, with the aid of his two brothers, and thus possessed himself of the coveted stone. His brothers having quarrelled with him over the diamond, the merchant killed them both, and fled to Constantinople, and next to Holland. While in the latter country, Catharine II. opened negotiations with him for the cession of the stone, and summoned him to St. Petersburg. But the Armenian demanded somewhat more than the Court-jeweller would give. The latter surrounded the Armenian with his agents, and got him thus into debt and all sorts of troubles, hoping to bring him to terms. But the Armenian sold his other diamonds, paid his debts, and fled from St. Petersburg, with his one precious jewel. The Russian Government tracked him for ten years, and at length found him in Astracan. The Armenian declared that he had placed his diamond in a safe hiding-place, and the Empress was obliged to begin a new series of negotiations for its acquisition. The Court-jeweller now proved more accommodating; and the Armenian consented to sell the diamond in exchange for a title of nobility, six hundred thousand silver roubles, and seventy thousand paper roubles, paid down in cash. The subsequent fate of this Armenian was unhappy. He married and had seven daughters. His sons-in-law fleeced him of his money. And when they had reduced him to poverty by their extravagance, one of them invited him to dinner, and regaled him with poisonous mushrooms of which he died. His descendants are still living in Astracan, but in great poverty and wretchedness.

The *Morning Post*, of London, having just informed its circle of admiring Snobs, that Sir Robert Peel has taken to St. Petersburg "his dog-cart, and the smallest of his tigers," (a tiger being, as your readers are doubtless aware, a fashionable term for the boy-grooms so much in favor just now with the aristocratic "whips" of that metropolis,) the journals of Paris are gravely informing their readers that "the Honorable Baronet, bent apparently, upon astonishing the Muscovites, has taken to St. Petersburg *a carriage drawn by dogs, and his smallest tiger.*"

QUANTUM.

☞ A tailor at Dresden, whose shop bore the sign of 'The Poor Devil," had received an order from the authorities to take it down "from a motive of public propriety."

☞ AN OLD BACHELOR'S LATEST.—Ladies wear corsets from instinct—a natural love of being squeezed.

☞ Last winter, it is said, a cow floated down the Mississippi on a piece of ice, and became so cold, that she has milked nothing but ice-creams ever since.

☞ A DAUGHTER'S CHOICE.—When Philip Henry, the father of the commentator on the Bible, sought the hand of the only daughter of Mr. Matthew in marriage, an objection was made by her father, who admitted that he was a gentleman, a scholar, and an excellent preacher, but he was a stranger; "and they did not even know where he came from." "True," said the daughter, who had well weighed the excellent qualities and graces of the stranger, "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him;" and they walked life's pilgrimage together.

☞ THE TRULY BRAVE.—That man only is truly brave who fears nothing so much as committing a mean action, and undaunted, fulfills his duty, whatever be the dangers which may lie in his way.

☞ DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—It is a fine remark of Rousseau's that the best of us differ from others in fewer particulars than we agree with them in. The difference of a tall and short man is only a few inches, whereas they are both seven feet high. So a wise or learned man knows many things of which the vulgar are ignorant; but there are still greater number of things the knowledge of which they share in common with them.—*Hazlitt.*

☞ One moment! What an effect produces upon years! One moment! Virtue, crime, glory, shame, woe, rapture, rest upon it! Death itself is but a moment, yet eternity is its successor.

FROM KANSAS.

Full Accounts—Retreat of the Invading Forces—March Against Lecompton, &c.

Late letters and telegraphic accounts from Kansas throw a flood of light upon the recent proceedings in that Territory. It is evident that the Free State forces under Lane—being well armed, obedient to orders, and comparatively highly disciplined, have been too much for the Missouri invaders. The battle at Ossawatomie turns out to have been as bad as a defeat to the invaders. The Free State men, though few in numbers, being in ambush, inflicted much more harm than they received—only losing five, where the invaders had thirty killed and about as many wounded. Of the above five, one, Dutch Charley, was killed in cold blood after the battle. And the effect of this and other actions of a like savage character, was to disgust the more respectable portion of the invading force, which marched back at once under Col. ——— to Missouri. The editor of the Lexington (*Missouri*) Citizen writes from Westport to his own paper, as follows:

"It was the opinion of many of our citizens that the abolitionists would not fight. This has been discovered to be a mistake. They are well armed, well trained, and full of courage."

He then goes on to speak of the Pro-Slavery forces as under no discipline, the officers having no authority to enforce obedience. The Booneville (*Missouri*) Observer notices the return to that place from Kansas of Captain Dranin and his whole company. The Captain reports that the invading General had disbanded nearly his entire force, and he says, like the editor of the Lexington Citizen, that the men were without discipline, and had to dismount to be effective, and that General Reid would sooner be called a coward than march with such an undisciplined horde against Lawrence. The Captain says that Westport, Missouri, is under guard all night, and that many citizens of that vicinity were preparing to leave.

Of course there was no danger of any attack upon the Missouri border towns—it being merely a joke of Lane's, "that he intended to come down some morning and eat breakfast with them." General Reid, weakened by the desertion of the best portion of his force, seems to have retreated before Lane out of the Territory.

The next move on the part of the Free State men was against that portion of the invading force—calling themselves the Territorial militia—which had gathered at Lecompton, and had captured a number of prisoners. The following account is from the correspondence of the N. Y. Times. Of course some allowance has to be made for the Free State partialities of the writer:—

By 10 o'clock the Free State army was on its way to Lecompton. The enemy were at that time encamped near the residence of C. W. Clark, Pottawatomie Indian Agent, and murderer of Barber. Our forces took the river road, passing along through the heavy timber and deep ravines which are found all along the banks of the Kaw. By noon they emerged out on the open prairie, near the house of *Clark. The smoke was still curling from the fires* where the enemy had encamped, but the enemy had fled to Lecompton two hours before. Clark's house was lonely and deserted. Three large rocking chairs stood out on the porch, and freshly cut watermelons near by seemed to testify that the inmates had left in a hurry. As our forces marched by the house of the murderer, some of them, stinging under the injuries they had received from him, were determined to set fire to and plunder it—but the strict orders of General Lane prevented it. When the forces arrived on the camping ground which the enemy had deserted, they could plainly see, on the high ridge just outside of Lecompton, the enemy's scouts watching their movements. The forces were drawn up into line, and preceded by the company of scouts under Capt. J. B. Cline, and the cavalry under Col. Walker, they proceeded on their way through the timber intervening between them and Lecompton. On emerging from the timber they found themselves upon the high ridge adjoining Lecompton, on the east and southeast. To the northwest of them, and immediately south of Lecompton, is a little valley. Over this valley, and in full view of our whole force the scouts of the enemy and our own were manœuvring. Swift as lightning, on their fleet steeds, they would approach one another, discharge their pieces, and then retreat, to load and return again. This pleasant sport lasted some ten or fifteen minutes.

Preparations for Attack.—In the meantime Gen. Lane prepared his forces for the attack. Lecompton is surrounded on the east, south, and west by bluffs and ridges, the sides of which are thickly timbered. The ridge to the east makes out into a point commanding the town, and within two hundred yards of the Capitol buildings. To the north flows the Kaw. The cavalry under Col. Walker, and Captain Cutter and Mitchell's companies of riflemen were ordered to take a position immediately south of the town. The cavalry, under Captains Cline and Reinhart, and the remaining companies of infantry and riflemen took a position to the southeast and along the ridge, to the east of the town. On the highest point of this ridge, nearest the town, Major Bickerton was stationed with his artillery. When the forces were thus disposed, Gen. Lane sent Mr. C. H. Branscombe and Capt. Cline with a white flag into the town, to demand of the authorities an immediate and unconditional surrender of all the prisoners in the custody of the Territorial militia.

The Authorities Yield.—While matters were thus progressing on the east of the town, a United States dragoon came out to Col. Walker, informing him that the authorities would accede to any demands we had to make, and requested him to delay an attack until he could see them and return. The dragoon returned back to town, and brought the following note from Acting Governor Woodson:

Executive Office, Lecompton, K. T., Sept. 9, 1856.

To Gen. Lane and Captain Walker:

Gentlemen: Hearing from a United States soldier, Private Henderson, that your only object in the release of certain prisoners held here, please let me know upon what terms you desire their release. Answer immediately, in writing, by the bearer.

Very respectfully,
Daniel Woodson,
Acting Governor K. Territory.

The reply to this was:

"We demand the release of the prisoners in the hands of the militia."

The result of the mission of Mr. Branscombe I give you in his own language:

"When our forces reached the hill overlooking Lecompton, within a quarter of a mile of the place, they halted. I was directed by Gen. Lane to go into the town and make a demand of the immediate release of all Free State prisoners then in Lecompton. I started with a flag of truce in my hand, accompanied by Capt. Cline, of Ossawatomie. We found the Pro-Slavery force drawn up in battle array, near the Capitol now in process of erection. Many of them were stationed behind its unfinished walls. We rode directly to the Capitol. I inquired for Gen. Richardson, who soon made his appearance. I asked him if he was commander of the forces then assembled at Lecompton. He replied in a hesitating manner, that he did not know as he was. An individual here stepped forward and asked General Richardson if he still intended to keep the command. General Richardson replied: "No, I suppose not; I resigned this morning." This individual, calling himself "Gen. Marshal," said to me that he was ready to receive my proposition, being commander of the forces then assembled. I then spoke to him as follows:

"I am ordered by Gen. Lane to demand of you the unconditional and immediate release of all free State prisoners which you now hold in Lecompton."

Gen. Marshal replied: "We wish to make no compromises with Gen. Lane, except that he will treat the prisoners he has taken in the same kind manner in which we treat the prisoners whom we have taken."

I then said: "Do I understand you to refuse to release the prisoners demanded?" He answered that he should not accede to the demand. We were about starting to return to Gen. Lane, when General Marshal requested us to wait a minute. After a few moments' conference with some other friends, he returned and said that the prisoners whom I demanded had all been released, and provision had been made for a detachment of United States troops to escort them to Lawrence. He then requested me to say to Gen. Lane that he demanded of him the release of all prisoners whom Gen. Lane had taken. I told him I should be happy to comply with his request. This ended the interview.

Chas. H. Branscombe.

Arrival of Col. Cook—Interesting Conversation with Him.—Hardly had Mr. Branscombe returned and made his report to General Lane, ere Col. Cook and staff, in company with Col. Walker, of our cavalry, arrived upon the ground. Colonel Cook came in obedience to the urgent demands of the enemy, who, on the approach of our forces, sent messengers to his camp to claim his protection. When the citizens of Lawrence asked for the presence of United States troops to protect them against the fury of the legalized mob of the United States Marshal they could not have it! Lecompton did!

Adjutant General Pomeroy, in behalf of Gen. Lane, held consultation with Col. Cook.

Col. Cook said to him: "You have done wrong—you ought not to have come up here. The militia are disbanded and gone home—the *Missourians have gone home!* You have everything your own way now. Public opinion is on your side; the country is on your side, and all you have to do is to use your power with moderation."

Gen. Parrott informed him that we knew nothing of the disbanding of the Territorial militia, and it was impossible for us to gather any information from Lecompton, except as we came in force sufficient to guard those in session. He also stated to him that we demanded the immediate and unconditional release of the prisoners held in custody by the militia at Lecompton.

Col. Cook said that "these prisoners should be released. I pledge you the honor of a United States military officer that they shall be released and escorted to Lawrence." He also said: "I have before called the attention of the active Governor to these prisoners, and used my influence to secure their release."

He was then asked: "Can we rely upon the U. S. troops to open the road from Lawrence to Leavenworth and Westport, and to protect the settlers against the bands of men scalpers infesting them?"

Col. Cook—Everything cannot be done in a moment. Gen. Smith has command at Leavenworth, and I presume he will attend to his end of the road. If you will only be moderate, everything will come out right, and you will be protected.

Gen. Parrott—I am directed by our General to inquire of you whether you would interfere with your troops in case an attack was made upon bands of men such as are now or have been assembled at Lecompton?

Col. Cook—I am here to preserve the peace. I have six hundred men out there, and I can't let any strong party attack a weaker.

Col. Walker—What shall we do when these villains come to burn our houses, steal our property, and scalp us?

Col. Cook—American citizens have the right to defend themselves and property.

After again and again begging of us to use our power with moderation, and assuring us that our prisoners should be released and safely returned, he withdrew, on being informed by Gen. Parrott that our force should, in consideration of these things be withdrawn.

Our skirmishers were then recalled, and the order given to march for home. As the force marched out from behind the timber, which sheltered our cavalry, under Col. Walker, from view, they saw drawn up immediately behind them, the six hundred dragoons under Col. Cook, together with five pieces of artillery.

The sight was beautiful to behold, but it would have been infinitely more so, could we have known that they were to uphold the rights of the "sovereign squatters of Kansas," instead of defending the government and laws which the barbarians of Missouri and of the South have forced upon us.

Just as Col. Cook came upon the ground, Deputy Marshal Cramer came out from Lecompton and was very anxious to see him. Unfortunately for Cramer, instead of arresting any one, he himself was arrested. The Deputy Marshal's voice trembled as though he had a "fit of ague." They let him go.

Some thought he came up to use the troops to make arrests? Some one said to Col. Cook, "It is presumed you're not going to use your troops to-day to make arrests?"

Col. Cook—"That is an after consideration."

A Voice—"If you do, by G—d, there will be a fight."

No arrests were attempted.

On the 9th of September, was the return day of the Court, and the prisoners held for Treason were brought up for examination. *After considerable dissension, Judge* Lecompte continued the cases, on the ground of the absence of important witnesses for the prosecution—but released them all on bail. The Judge said:—

It did not appear that the government was ready, or that there was any good reason why they were not. He therefore thought it would be a hardship upon the prisoners to confine them longer, and he should permit them to be discharged on bail. He had thought, at first, of fixing the bail at $10,000, but, upon consideration, had concluded to fix it at $5,000.

Bail was forthcoming immediately; Judge Smith's bail are Pro-Slavery men. Dr. Robinson's bondsmen are his brother and Mr. S. N. Simpson. There is no title to real estate in Kansas, and of course bail amounts to nothing legally. Judge Lecompte, however, manifested a disposition to be very easy in regard to bail, and appeared to be quite anxious to get rid of the prisoners.

Two of the prisoners, John Brown, Jr., and Mr. Williams, had never been indicted, and of course were not included in the number admitted to bail. They had been summoned before a Territorial Court and then arrested and held in confinement with the rest. After the other prisoners were released, Judge Lecompte was sitting in the tent of Col. Cook, who has command of the United States forces at Lecompton, and has had charge of the prisoners, when an officer came in and said that these two prisoners were not included in the discharge. Col. Cook, turning to the Judge, said: "For Heaven's sake, get rid of these men if you can; we don't want them here any longer." So Judge Lecompte supposed an indictment of treason against them, and discharged them on $5,000 each, as in the other cases. These men do not yet know what they are charged with. Gov. Geary seems to have had nothing to do with the release of these prisoners, as was first stated.

Upon the release of the prisoners, there was a great jubilee at Lawrence—at which speeches were made by the Free State prisoners. Mrs. Robinson is on her way to Boston.

Arrest of Captain Emery's Company.—This company is the one which has been doing as it pleased at Leavenworth. Mr Whitman, Mr. Wilder, and Mr. Southerland, applied to Col. Cook, of the U. S army, at Lecompton, for an escort to go and find Mr. Nute and Mr. Wilder's son. He sent them to Capt. Sackett, who gave them Sergeant Carey, a very prudent and brave officer, as an escort. When within a few miles of Leavenworth City, Capt. Emery's company fell upon them, took them prisoners, and carried them into the city. Here, however, the sergeant made his escape and made for the Fort. The result was that two hundred troops were ordered out, and the whole company taken prisoners, and are now detained in the Fort.

Rev. Mr. Nute.—Mr. Nute, it seems, was confined by Capt. Emery's party. When Gov. Geary reached Leavenworth, the Rev. Mr. Nute, brother-in-law of the murdered Hoppe, came to the fort and demanded an audience with the Governor, which he obtained. He stated to him that two weeks before he and Mr. John Wilder started from Lawrence in a double carriage, to try and recover the body of Mr. Hoppe. While in the road between Lawrence and Leavenworth, they were taken prisoners by Capt. Emery and company, and their team taken from them. This Emery is the mail contractor in the territory. They carried them to Leavenworth, and threw them into a seven by nine dungeon, where they were thirteen others, without ventilation, and bread and water to live on. Here they lay for twelve days. While Mr. Nute was relating these facts to the Governor, the valorous captain came up the steps to pay his respects to the Governor, when Mr. Nute charged him with the above acts before the Governor, and the captain excused himself by saying he acted under orders. The Governor said as soon as he arrived at Lecompton he should attend to all these matters. The captain paid his respects and they both left. Emery and his company were afterwards arrested, as above stated, for capturing a United States officer.

On the 9th, Col. Whipple's regiment captured a party of thieves at Osaukee, and took 80 horses.

On the 10th, the fort on Mount Oread, at Lawrence, was completed. It will hold 1,000 men.

Gen. Smith had ordered all the families seeking safety at Fort Leavenworth, to leave on Wednesday, the 10th inst. Gov. Geary has released all the Free Soil prisoners at Leavenworth.

(*From the St. Louis Intelligencer, Sept. 16.*)

Gov. Geary has issued a proclamation ordering all hostile parties not to enter the Territory, and calling on Gen. Smith to stop Atchison's command from going into the Territory. The territorial militia has been disbanded. In consequence of the proclamation, the Missourians are quietly disbanding and going home.

Gov. Geary went to Lawrence, and had a consultation with the leaders there. They promised to disband, if they had assurances of protection from the Governor. The assurances were given, and Lane's army, it is said, will be disbanded forthwith. There is a prospect of peace and quiet in the Territory. If Territorial militia is called out again it will be put under the command of Gen. Smith.

Disturbances Quieted.—We are indebted to Mr. Watson, of the Exchange, for the following highly important news from Kansas, which he says is authentic and reliable:

Upon the arrival of Gov. Geary at Fort Leavenworth, he was informed by Gen. Smith of the contemplated attack upon Lawrence, and of the strongly fortified position of Col. Lane. Geary immediately determined to proceed to Lawrence, and have an interview with the people there, and learn, in person, their intentions. On the 11th, with a few chosen friends, and a strong guard of mounted men, he departed from the Fort for Lawrence, where, upon his arrival, having halted about a half mile distant, he sent a messenger, accompanied by several dragoons, with a message to Lane announcing his arrival, and demanding that his authority as Governor of Kansas should be respected.

Lane in reply, stated that he should be received and welcomed in a manner becoming his position, and that he should be honored, upon his entry into Lawrence, with a salute. Accordingly the arrangements were completed, and a Governor's salute fired as he entered. He was then conducted to head-quarters, where he was formally received by Lane, and his chief assistants. Geary then addressed them, giving assurances that he desired a peaceful mission, and earnestly exhorting the people to cease their hostile operations, disband their armed forces, and return to good order and peaceful pursuits, and for all who were not actual settlers in the Territory to at once leave it. If they did not, his absolute instructions were to bring against them a force of U. S. troops sufficient to disperse them, which would of course be attended with terrible consequences, and he earnestly desired that he might be spared the necessity of executing any such extreme measure. He also gave assurances that he should, without delay, visit the camp of the opposing forces, and cause them likewise to cease their hostile operation, disband and return to their homes, for none should be permitted to remain armed in the Territory with hostile intentions toward any portion of the people, as all actual settlers should be alike protected and their rights vindicated.

After the formalities were over, the Governor and suite, with Lane and some of his principal associates, retired to a private apartment to consult and arrange matters. Geary and party were to remain over till next day, by which time all proper arrangements for the restoration of quiet would be made, and good order restored.

All were loudly rejoicing at the prospects of peace ahead.

St. Louis, Sept. 20.—By the arrival of the steamboat Polar Star, advices from Kansas to the 15th inst. have been received.

Captain Robinson, at the head of a party of slavery men, 52 in number, is supposed to have attacked the Free State party, at Grasshopper Falls, on the 13th inst., killing two Free State men and capturing their ammunition, provisions and horses. The following day Col. Harvey, with a force of two hundred Free State men, attacked Robinson's party, occupying a fortified log house on Hickory Point. After a fight of two hours, during which Col. Harvey lost twelve men, the latter proposed an armistice of thirty days, which was agreed to by Captain Robinson. The latter had three killed and many wounded.

Leavenworth is nearly deserted. Governor Geary was at Lecompton at the last advices from there.

The Boonsville (Mo.) Observer, of the 13th, says that Gen Reid's Missouri army of invasion, which had deserted and gone home for a time, has returned to him in increased numbers, and adds that he is now acting as a territorial officer, and such as join his force will be incorporated into the Kansas militia. "Missourians will not be permitted to invade Lawrence on their own responsibility." Atchison counselled an immediate attack on Lawrence.

The following letter from Major Veitch informs us that Gen. Reid proceeded from Cedar Creek direct to Lawrence:—

Camp at Shawnee Mission, September 10, 1856.

Messrs. Editors—The army of law and order is again on the march to Lawrence, numbering, by the muster rolls of yesterday, 536 men, and two pieces of artillery.

There is no longer any difference of opinion amongst gentlemen about the propriety of establishing emigrants from the South who have been driven from the Territory by Lane and his associates. We upon the border have insisted and urged men to settle in Kansas with a view of making it a Slave State, and there are at least 100 men in this army who came here to settle, bringing with them their ploughs, who are now fighting their way with the sword, as settlers in the Territory.

We hear contradictory reports concerning the views of the new Governor, Geary; one is that he is favorable to our cause, and is determined to use all his influence for the arrest of Lane, while other reports represent him as secretly sympathising with the Free State party in all its enormities.

His views, however, whatever they may be, do not affect our movements. We shall go to Lawrence, regardless of Geary's views, or those of Gen. Smith, commanding the U. S. troops at Leavenworth. No sickness in camp. Much complaint that Lafayette is doing so little in the way of men.

We move from here to-morrow, direct for Lawrence. Yours, Dan. A. Veitch.

We are gratified to learn that writs are out for Lane and his men, and that with the forces under Richardson and Reed they are likely to be faithfully executed. If Lane resists, a fight may occur. The general impression is that Richardson and Reid will invest Lawrence to-day.

On the 31st ult., a company of five hundred men, under Atchison, were driven back into Missouri by a party of Lane's men, who met them near Blanton's bridge. The Pro-Slavery men fled on the first charge, in all directions.

Lawrence, K. T. Monday, Sept. 15.
Via St. Louis, Saturday, Sept. 20.

Twenty-eight hundred men, mostly Missourians, reached Franklin yesterday, destined to attack Lawrence. Owing to our reliance upon Gov. Geary somewhat for protection, our force is mostly in the country. About five hundred remain, preparing to fight in our fortifications.

Our advance guards came into collision last night, and three of the enemy's men are reported killed—none of ours injured. Just then orders came from the Governor, forbidding the approach of the Pro-Slavery forces. They then fell back and camped at Franklin.

Four hundred troops arrived here last night for protection.

This morning, the Governor in person disbanded the Ruffians under Gen. Reed, member elect, to the next Missouri Legislature. These are no longer Territorial militia. Many of them swear they will have blood in spite of the Governor.

Our citizens have enrolled as his militia. A collision is feared.

Col. Harvey's regiment fought at Hartford yesterday, and won, killing three, wounding many. Five of Harvey's men were wounded. His whole force were taken prisoners by dragoons while returning.

St. Louis, Sept. 22.—Further advices from Kansas report that a new militia, consisting of citizens of Lawrence, had enrolled themselves under Gen. Reed.

Our latest accounts from Gen. Lane, the leader of the Free State men, represent him as having moved with one hundred and fifty of his party towards Nebraska.

What he had done with the remainder of his forces, (heretofore represented as numbering from fifteen hundred to two thousand,) is not stated.

Horrible Scene at an Execution.—A shocking scene occurred at the execution of two robbers named Boye and Olsen, at Assens, in the Isle of Funen, in Denmark, on the 18th ult. Olsen made such a desperate resistance, that the executioner and six men who helped him could not bring the criminal to the block without calling the soldiers to assist them. As soon as Olsen's head was severed from his body, two young peasant girls, fifteen or seventeen years of age, rushed through the double line of armed police, who guarded the scaffold, and filled the cups which they carried with the blood that spouted from the neck of the mutilated corpse, and instantly swallowed the horrible draught. There is an old superstition amongst the rural population of Denmark, that the blood of a beheaded felon, if drunk while it is warm, is an infallible preservative against epilepsy and apoplexy. The girls were taken before a police commissioner, and declared that they had only done what they had a right to do; they showed a paper, signed O. Olsen, in which he had authorized them, whenever he should come to be executed, to drink his blood.

Locusts.—A host of locusts has invaded the districts of Odessa, Ananieff, and Robvior. The following fact gives an idea of the enormous numbers of these insects. A gentleman living in the neighborhood of Odessa invited a large party to a fete at his country-house, and in the evening the place was splendidly lit up with lamps, Bengal lights, &c. Sumptuous sideboards were laid out, and a brilliant and select company had assembled. All looked forward to a merry evening. The windows of the apartments had been opened, and a refreshing breeze was entering the rooms, when suddenly a loud noise was heard, and a few moments after, myriads of locusts filled the rooms, the gardens, sleeping chambers, and every part of the villa. Fireworks, rockets, &c., were discharged in the hope of driving away these troublesome guests, but in vain. The company were compelled to leave.

☞ A genius was expatiating upon the utility of an India-rubber ship which he was inventing, when an old sailor exclaimed: "No, no! it will never do; an India-rubber ship would rub out all the lines of latitude and longitude, to say nothing of the equator!"

POSTSCRIPT.

Later from Europe.—The steamer Indian arrived at Quebec on the 23d inst. with dates to the 10th inst.

Commercial Intelligence.—Liverpool, Sept. 10.—Our correspondent quotes cotton as firm. The various commercial circulars quote the sales for three days at 28,000 bales, including 5,000 on speculation, and 2,500 for export. The market was steady, holders offering freely, but showing no disposition to press their stocks on the market.

The Manchester advices are favorable.

Breadstuffs.—The market closed dull. The weather has been favorable for the crops, and the prospects are fair. All descriptions have declined.

In Flour the decline ranges from 1s3s per bbl, and there is but little speculative inquiry.

Wheat generally has declined from 2 to 4s.

Corn is very dull, and has declined 1s.

The circulars furnish the following quotations:

Baltimore and Philadelphia Flour 29 and 31s. Ohio, 31 and 33s.

Red Wheat 6s6 6d; new 8s3s 3d; white Wheat, old, 8s 9d@8s 9d; new 10s@10s 3d.

Yellow and Mixed Corn, 5s@5s 6d; White Corn, 5s@5s.

Provisions.—The market closed quiet and dull.

Bacon closed steady at previous quotations. Lard steady at 62s on the spot, and 70s@70s to arrive.

London Money Market, Sept. 10.—The Money Market is unchanged. Consols for money are quoted at 94¼.

A heavy rain storm now prevails, and extending far East, has interrupted the receipt of the general news brought by the Indian at Quebec.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Collision at Sea—Health of Louis Napoleon, &c.

The Asia brings Liverpool dates to the 3rd.

The Arago, from New York, arrived at Southampton on Thursday.

The annual Cutler's Fete was held at Sheffield on Thursday, and passed off with a brilliancy which has never been exceeded. The usual preliminaries connected with the occasion took place in the morning. About 200 gentlemen sat down to dinner. Mr. George Wostenholm, master cutler, presided. Mr. Dallas was present, and spoke in reply to a complimentary toast.

The Royal British Joint Stock Bank at London has failed. It had done a large business, having branches in other cities and towns. There are three hundred stockholders, all of whom are liable to the extent of their means, and as the assets of the institution are very unsatisfactory, the failure will be a total ruin to all concerned.

The London Times says that though the harvest has been abundant, there is no prospect of prices receding to a point injurious to agricultural interests. From the continent the accounts from the harvest are still more favorable.

The American ship Ocean Home and the Cherubim came in collision on Friday morning, off the Lizard. The former sank in twenty minutes, taking down seventy-seven passengers. She was from Rotterdam, bound to New York, with emigrants. The captain of the Ocean Home, with twenty passengers and the crew were landed at Plymouth. The Cherubim was but slightly damaged and proceeded to London. The second mate, steward, and four seamen of the Ocean Home got into the long boat, but their fate is doubtful.

The Ocean Home belonged to Brunswick, Me., and measured six hundred and fifty tons. She left Rotterdam on the 1st inst., with one hundred and five persons on board, including a crew of seventeen. Her cargo consisted of liquors, tin, madder, &c. The Cherubim belonged to Richmond, Me., and measured two thousand tons. She was from New York bound to London. She had a general cargo and a number of passengers, among whom are the widow and five children of the late British Vice Consul at the port of New York, who died very suddenly fourteen days after sailing. At the time of the collision, most of the passengers on the Ocean Home were asleep in their berths. Ten passengers, however, together with three of the crew, managed to reach the Cherubim in a leaky boat. Seven seamen also contrived to jump into the rigging of the Cherubim at the moment of the collision. The concussion drove the windlass over the fore hatch, thus completely fastening down the seamen who were below. Capt. Merryman, of the Ocean Home, became entangled in the rigging and went down with the ship. He afterwards rose and was saved, together with the first mate, by a boat from the Cherubim. Of the whole number of 106 persons on board the Ocean Home, only twenty-one were saved.

France.—The Emperor's health is still the subject of comment in the English papers. His disease is an affection of the spinal chord. A Paris correspondent says the first attack that was brought under the notice of the court took place in presence of M. Fould, Minister of State, who, having communicated to him important documents, was astounded and frightened to see his master remaining speechless, gazing or rather staring on vacancy. M. Fould ran out, terrified, telling every one that his master was insane! At that time the attack lasted about five or six minutes; they extend now to half an hour or more. All this I hold from one of the chief ministers of Louis Philippe, who, of course, has still a good many friends at court. Add to this another fatal affection, with an ugly Greek name, which is the result of a disease of the spinal chord, and you will have an idea of the mental and physical state of our present ruler.

The Cashier of the Northern Railroad of France has absconded, being a defaulter to the amount of 1,000,000 francs.

Italy.—Italian affairs continue unsettled.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says, that a second note has been addressed by Naples to France and England, which is of a more conciliatory nature.

The Sardinian army is to be increased. Count Cavour has addressed a note to the Sardinian Ministers at foreign courts, that this measure has been adopted solely in consequence of the policy of Austria, and intimates that Sardinia will not tolerate Austrian intervention in Italy.

The difficulties between the American Vice Consul at Ancona and the Austrian Colonel remains unadjusted, Mr. Cass, the American Minister, to whom application for redress had been made, being absent at home.

Spain.—The cholera has disappeared from Madrid, and but few cases are reported in other parts of the country.

The Cortes has been dissolved by a royal decree, which was well received by the people.

Six of the Madrid newspapers have been seized by order of the Government.

Switzerland.—An insurrection has taken place in the Canton of Neufchatel. The Royalists, or Prussian party, seized possession of the Chateau, arrested the Councillor of State, and hoisted the Prussian flag. The Federals subsequently recaptured the Chateau and town, and arrested Count Poutalais, the insurgent leader. In the conflict twelve Prussians were killed.

Turkey.—Diplomatic relations were resumed with Russia on the 25th August.

Commercial.—The Brokers' Circular thus reports the Liverpool Cotton market. The trade, having increased their purchases throughout the week, and an active business having been experienced on the part of speculators and exporters, a buoyant tone has been imparted to the market, and although holders have shown their stocks freely, an advance of 1-16a ⅛d per lb. must be noted in most classes of American.

A favorable change in the weather has produced a decided reaction in the Corn market throughout Britain during the week. At Liverpool the decline in Wheat amounted to about 3d per 70 lbs on the finer descriptions, an 6d on inferior qualities—the latter, however, almost unsaleable. Flour had experienced a fair inquiry, and had receded only 1s, or at most, 2s per bbl. Indian Corn, with small demand, is noted 1s lower.

Provisions.—Beef quiet at previous prices. No new feature in Pork, and the demand limited. Bacon steady and unchanged. Small sales of Lard made at 78s, and yet more extravagant prices were demanded. Tallow irregular; fine North American called 53s@54s.

In Ashes, Pots sold on the spot and to arrive at 32s@32s 6d. No sales reported in Tar or Turpentine. Spirits of Turpentine sell in small parcels at 33s@34s. Linseed Oil in fair demand at 33s@33s. Seal and Cod Oils unchanged. Quercitron Bark sold freely; Baltimore at 12s 6d.@13s 6d; and Philadelphia 13s 6d.@14s 6d. Rice unchanged, at former rates.

Money is tighter, the export of specie continuing on a large scale, and absorbing all imports. Funds had declined. Consols closing (Friday) at 94¼@95 for money and account. American Stocks were reported without much change.

Chloroform in Poisoning.—The Rochester Democrat, of the 15th inst., records a case of accidental poisoning from strychnine, in which chloroform was successfully applied to relieve the terrible spasms of the patient. The person took four grains of strychnine in mistake for another powder, and soon as the discovery of the mistake was made, an emetic was given. Two large emetics, taken in quick succession, failed to produce vomiting. The patient was convulsed with the severest forms of tetanic spasms. His jaws were firmly locked, and it was impossible to open his mouth to administer remedies. The approach towards his mouth caused a recurrence of the spasms. Chloroform was applied, which relieved the spasms in about three minutes, and stopped them completely in ten minutes, when a third powerful emetic was given. If the chloroform application was remitted, the spasms instantly returned in full force; so that it was found necessary to keep the patient constantly under the influence of the anæsthetic. In about ten minutes after the third emetic was taken, vomiting was produced. The patient was kept under the influence of chloroform till the next morning. During the time that the spasmodic action was controlled by the chloroform, the system had opportunity to throw off the poison that had been taken up by the absorbents, and when that was effected, the patient was out of danger. He had retained his consciousness during the whole of the period that he suffered from the effects of the poison.

Horrible Affair—Child Carried Off by a Bear.—One of those fearful incidents occurred near the village of Nebiote, on Saturday last, which go so far to create the thrilling interest in the written romance of a pioneer's life. Just before sunset, a child five years old, was seized in the presence of its mother, by a full grown bear, and in spite of its screams, and the frantic efforts of its mother, was borne off into the thicket. The alarm was given, and the men with guns and other weapons of destruction commenced searching the woods, but up to Tuesday, nothing had been found upon which to base a conjecture with reference to its fate. Bears are quite plenty in this neighborhood, but this is the first instance where human life has been sacrificed by them, though they had frequently carried off stock from the farmers, coming up, as in this case, to the door of the house.—*Manitowoc (Wis.) Tribune.*

Mexico and England.—Letters from Havana, mention considerable excitement among the officials there, in consequence of a report which had reached the Island, of a serious difficulty between the government of Mexico and the British minister to that country.

The affair is represented to have been of so grave a nature, that the minister had demanded his passports, and orders had been transmitted to Havana for the sailing of a British squadron from that port for Mexico, to enforce the demands.

At the latest advices from Havana, the commander of the British steamer Tartar was engaged in collecting a naval force, which would sail immediately for the scene of action.

POLITICAL NEWS.

New York.—The Convention of Radical Abolitionists have nominated Wm. Goodell for Governor, and Austin Ward for Lieutenant-Governor.

Virginia.—Wheeling, Sept. 18.—A Republican State Convention was held here to-day, and placed in nomination a Fremont Electoral ticket. There was no disturbance.

Gov. Johnston's Declination.—We cut the following statement of how this matter stands from the New York Herald:

"We have received a communication from the North American National Committee, signed by the Chairman and Secretary thereof, stating that the letter of declination of Mr. Johnston, of the North American nomination for the Vice Presidency, was surreptitiously obtained and published without authority; that the Committee requested Mr. Johnston to reconsider his action, and that Mr. Johnston had written in reply, withdrawing for the present his letter of declination."

California.—The San Francisco Bulletin, in its summary, has the following in regard to political matters in that State:

"Party clubs continue to be formed throughout the country, and the ordinary processioning and speechifying, villifying and glorifying, common at such times, are taking place. The greater number of papers in the State, display the banners either of Buchanan or Fillmore, though that perhaps cannot be said to show correctly the number of Democrats or Know Nothings. The Republicans have only three declared organs which hoist the Fremont flag, viz: a morning paper at San Francisco, (the Chronicle, formerly an independent journal,) another in Sacramento, and a bi-weekly journal at San Jose. A people's party has been formed at San Francisco, in opposition to all political organizations; but its efforts will be confined to the selection of proper local officers.

New Jersey.—Hon. Ephraim Marsh, of New Jersey, who was President of the National American Convention which nominated Fillmore and Donelson, is out in a long letter for Fremont and Dayton.

Philadelphia.—A very large Democratic meeting and torchlight procession was held in this city on the afternoon and evening of the 17th. The meeting was addressed by Gov. Johnson and Howell Cobb, of Georgia, Floyd, of Virginia, &c. The torchlight procession was exactly one hour in passing the corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets. The Buck's head and antlers was a favorite emblem, and appeared on banners surmounting hickory poles; and the Twenty-Fourth Ward displayed a stuffed buck, carried on a platform, supported on the shoulders of two ardent friends of the Democratic candidate. Among the banners was one representing three negroes, with blood streaming from their heads, and underneath the title "*Bleeding Kansas.*"

Mr. Buchanan in Philadelphia.—Mr. Buchanan arrived in this city on the 18th, from Lancaster, and took lodgings at the Merchants' Hotel. During the afternoon the New York delegates—(who had been in the city attending the Democratic meeting and the torch light procession,) together with a number of the members of the Keystone Club, proceeded to the front of the hotel and cheered Mr. B. Mr. W. B. Rankin, the President of the Keystone Club, announced that Mr. Buchanan was too much fatigued by his journey to respond to the call for him, but after more cheers, Mr. Buchanan made his appearance and addressed the assemblage as follows:—

"I do not rise to make you a speech; because I am convinced there is not a Democrat who would not think it improper for me to do so at this time and under existing circumstances. [Great cheering.] I rise with my heart full of gratitude for your reception, and I thank you for the kindness and the honor you have done me. Whether I am defeated or whatever may be my lot, I shall remember, as long as I live, the kind sentiments which I have received from my friends here assembled. We are all friends here—all equal under the Constitution—and enjoy an undisturbed freedom of conscience. As your common friend, then, feeling as a man towards his fellow man—I thank you, [applause.] My predecessors who have been in the same position that I now occupy, did not deem it prudent or necessary to make speeches. I am content to follow in their footsteps. I wish you (referring to the Young Men's Democratic Union, of New York,) a safe return and a happy time."

Mr. Buchanan then retired amid prolonged cheering. The members of the Union Club present and a number of citizens were then introduced to Mr. B., after which they retired.

Pittsburg.—On the same day of the Democratic parade in Philadelphia, a Republican one took place in Pittsburg. The telegraphic account says:—"The procession is immensely long, and occupied over two hours in passing any given point. Almost all the trades are represented in the procession—some engaged in working at their business. A large steamer, with a full complement of officers and men; a steam engine in operation, drawn by horses; a full rigged ship; cars containing young females, representing every State in the Union; innumerable banners, bearing every variety of devices; bands of 'Border Ruffians,' in full costume of Kansas marshals, dragoons, specimens of negro slaves and slave drivers, &c., &c."

Republican Convention in New York.—The State Convention assembled at Syracuse on the 17th. John A. King was nominated for Governor by a vote of 158, to 73 for James S. Wadsworth; Henry Selden for Lieut. Governor.

A committee of the North American Convention was here introduced, and announced the adoption of a resolution by that body to dissolve its organization, and ask admittance into the Republican Convention. They were admitted by a unanimous vote.

At the adoption of the resolution in the North American Convention to unite with the Republicans, a portion of them seceded.

Maryland.—The "National Whig Convention," which met at Baltimore, was numerously attended. Resolutions were adopted to the effect that the Constitution was their platform, denouncing both the Republican and Democratic parties as geographical and sectional, and unanimously endorsing the nomination of Fillmore and Donaldson.

Massachusetts.—The Republican and American State Conventions of Massachusetts met and framed a common electoral ticket for Fremont. The American Convention adopted the nomination of Dayton instead of Johnston for Vice President, and pledged themselves to labor for the re-election of Mr. Sumner to the Senate. The American Convention nominated Gardner for Governor—and the Republican adjourned without making any nominations for State officers.

High Prices for Horses.—In Porter's "Spirit of the Times," speaking of the sale of "Lexington," the following information is given:

"It is possibly true that Lexington has been disposed of by Mr. Ten Broeck, for $15,000, but the idea expressed that this is the highest price ever paid for any horse in the United States, is not only preposterous, but ridiculous. Delivered here, Prism cost over $25,000. Rodolph sold for $18,000!—yes, Rodolph, the humbug. Monmouth Eclipse sold for $14,000! and was worth about twenty shillings! Post Boy, who was the Northern champion, and run against John Bascombe, (getting jolly well beaten,) was sold for $18,000! Neither he nor Bascombe were worth '*shucks*,' and neither has been the sire of a winner fit to start for sour butter-milk. At the time of their death, Bertrand would have brought respectively, $35,000, though the latter was ten times the superior horse—and so proved the fact. Shark and Medley sold for $10,000 each; the former, when aged, got Mariner; (Fashion's half brother,) and Medley got!!! The first was originally worth, as a stallion, twenty shillings; the second not the powder and shot that should kill him!"

Trial of Reaping Machines in England.—A trial of reaping machines, under the direction of the officers of the Royal Agricultural Society, took place on the 13th and 14th of last month, near Colchester, England. Four machines were entered to cut a field of wheat, consisting of 54 acres. The machines were a McCormick's, by Burgess and Key; a Bell's by Crosskill; a Hussey's, by Deane and Dray; and a Palmer's.

All the machines were severely

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

"VARIOUS OTHER LITTLE ITEMS."

I ended my last letter in the bazaar at Simoda, just at the moment when orders had been received from Yeddo "not to sell us any more lithographs." Now here is the reason they advanced, for their change of purpose.

It had suddenly struck the Emperor, said Ta-cho-nos-kee, that the pictures gave too good an idea of what was going on in Japan, and as they wished to remain unknown to the world, they could not sell any more pictures. So the first thing we did after learning all this, was to go around to the different stalls before they had a chance to pack them away, and take under our arms every picture that we could lay our hands upon: of course the merchants said that we could not take them, that they were not for sale, only to "makee see," that they would not receive pay for them, that their heads would be cut off, &c., &c., but we nevertheless carried them quietly on board, and the next day, they, in as quiet, matter of course a manner, received payment for them, while their heads were still in the usual place.

Thus it was that pictures of every description were added to the list of articles which by express orders of the Emperor were not to be sold, bartered, or given, to persons living outside of Japan. And while making this remark, I may as well mention as many of those reserved articles as I can recall. In the first place, then, there were their swords—secondly, everything in the shape of an offensive or defensive weapon; all of the tools of the various trades, and the coinage of the country. Then there were these engravings descriptive of Japanese life, and a variety of other articles which I cannot now remember. And as fast as anything was thus proscribed, it was immediately packed up and sent back into the country.

It took us several hours to see enough of the varied and beautiful display of the rare specimens of their unknown workmanship that were crowded upon the shelves and floors of every stall—but the thing which surprised us most, was to see the prices of the various articles marked on them in dollars and cents, just as one sees them pinned on goods exposed as samples in the windows and at the doors of our own shops. I subsequently learned the secret of this from Ta-cho-nos-kee, who, with an unabridged edition of Noah Webster's dictionary, and an immense pile of scattering pieces of information in the shape of symbols, detached words, and sentences obtained from the officers of Perry's and our squadrons, at his elbow, was rapidly and with dogged perseverance, informing himself as to our language and customs in general. I could not but conclude that the Japanese would soon know much more about us than we ever should about them, unless another treaty should more fully open their ports. Once let Ta-cho-nos-kee and his brother interpreters master the English language; once let books be introduced into Japan, and the day of their stupid seclusion will be past.

When I asked him "How these prices had been obtained?" he was candid enough to acknowledge that the different merchants had requested him to write them for them on slips of papers, and that they payed him quite handsomely. He had his pocket-book at the time filled with slips of bamboo paper on which he wrote different values in both Japanese and English* as he was applied to by the merchants. He had written a great number at home on the previous evening, he said, in anticipation of the demand, but they had all been expended. Ta-cho-nos-kee was evidently wide awake as to the propriety of turning an honest itzabu.

The merchants therefore having to pay for these tallies, were loth to let them go with the goods. When anything was bought, they invariably took them off and stowed them away as one would a bank note, but many of us wishing to pack our things *just as they stood* objected to this practice, and were in return often charged from fifty to a hundred cash (three to six cents) for this luxury of letting our friends at home see their presents *just as we had seen them in Japan*.

They were cunning enough, too, as far as disposing of inferior goods was concerned, for they only brought out these at first, reserving the others for the last few days of our stay. We did not see any of their "number one" specimens during our first or second visit, and when we asked in regard to them, they would insist that "we saw all, they knew of nothing else," &c. They were evidently anxious to dispose of the inferior lot *first*, after which they knew that we would not fail to be disgusted with our purchases as soon as the higher priced ones should be exposed, and then we would be certain to lay out more money. And they were right, for although the most of us returned on board the first day without making any purchases, still we caved in on the second day and bought quite freely. Then on the third day they commenced bringing in the high priced articles, and we began falling into the trap.

Day after day, therefore, as we returned and lounged through the crowded show rooms, new articles of unexpected beauty and rare excellence of workmanship, would rise before us at every turn, cast a shade over everything of the kind previously bought, and cause us to long for heavier pockets or more reasonable charges.

Those were the days when we felt most the great mistake made by Commodore Perry, when he proclaimed by treaty, that one dollar should be equal to sixteen hundred cash, *i. e.*, to one itzabu, *i. e.*, to thirty-three cents; and to have heard the frequent ejaculations expressive of our discontent, and disapproval of the measure, a stranger would have conceived anything but an elevated idea of the brains of that distinguished officer. And here I will tax the reader's patience to the extent of a few lines, while I answer a question that was asked me a few days since by a friend, who expressed himself (by letter) greatly interested in these, my glances, and wanted to know "why it was that no other officer of Commodore Perry's squadron, save myself, John Smith, had ever taken it into his head to *glance back at his last cruise*." You must know, then, my dear B——, that I never belonged to the squadron which you name. In the year 1852 Commodore Perry left the United States in command of a number of the best and safest vessels of the navy, to effect, if possible, a treaty with the Empire of Japan. In the year 1853 Commander John Rodgers (then second in command to Commodore Ringgold) also left the United States, but with a parcel of half-tub, half-coffin *affairs*, called vessels; to make a survey of various unknown parts of the world, charts of which were necessary to the safety of our expanding commerce. In this latter squadron, in one of these nautical coffins, sailed your friend John Smith.

We both went to Japan, and we both (what remains of us) have at length got back to the United States. We both tried to obtain extra pay for extra service, from this Congress, which adjourned amidst such confusion on the 18th ult., and we both made signal failures. Thus far and no farther is there any similarity between the two squadrons, though there are many who, like you, confound us together, thus crowning the brow of Commodore Perry not only with the accomplishments of his squadron, but with those of ours also. And these latter it is mortifying to be deprived of, for we accomplished them through scenes of rare peril and hardship, and "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

As I have already said, we, in the natural course of our work, found ourselves one fine morning in the waters of Japan, with *three* out of our *five* original *affairs* under our feet, and a vast amount of work spreading itself out before our reduced resources. One of our *affairs* had gone down in a typhoon, and carried her crew of seventy souls with her, and a second had proved to be rotten and been condemned, to avoid the probability of experiencing a similar fate; we were thus left with three only, and yet with these three we accomplished the Japanese survey, and then turned to other work. In the meantime, the squadron with which we are so often confounded, had succeeded in effecting an opening treaty, and was then on its way home. In short, we left the United States during different years; we were engaged on totally different service, and we returned during different years. Their work was evidently done well, better than any one could have expected in the face of all the difficulties that the Japanese advanced. But ours was also done well, though at the expense of life and broken constitutions, whose name is legion. Why therefore confuse us together, and give them all the credit? Why refuse to vote us (this question I ask all reasonable Congressmen) $63,000 for surveying around the world, when we only asked what had been promised us, and what had been paid years back to the officers and crew of the similar expedition that sailed under Wilkes? Why refuse us a small appropriation, because it was deemed expedient to refuse to Commodore Perry's squadron a marvellously large one? Why not have let each claim stand on its own bottom, and invite the honest scrutiny of the Committee of Ways and Means? But let us return to the bazaar, and its fleecing and *being* fleeced occupants.

Oh! they were a cunning, a most dishonest set of fellows, those very Japanese merchants who held up their wares before us, and tempted us to board the shrinking Purser for various sums until we finally found ourselves head over heels in debt. They would watch us with "cricket's eyes," (Mrs. Partington!) while we examined their various articles, jewed with astonishing accuracy as to those with which we seemed most struck, and the next day all similar articles would be advanced in price, sometimes as much as a hundred per cent. They would take the tallies off at night, and put on others with higher marks on them, and then insist with their usual barefaced disregard for truth, that "all the same as yesterday." This was all very provoking, truly, and yet what could we do? We had either to consent, in the first place, to be swindled by the treaty; and, in the second place, by the merchants themselves; or we must leave Japan without purchasing presents of their rare and beautiful workmanship for our absent friends. We chose the former of the two, and with the unenviable feelings of men who are aware of the fleecing they are being subjected to, without the most remote hope of being able to protect themselves, we continued our daily selections. But the manner in which these selections were made, and the way in which we were swindled generally, (particularly the latter,) are subjects of too grave importance to be treated upon at the end of a letter. I shall continue this subject therefore, next week, under the heading of "How we bought, and how we were swindled."

* We always made it a point to speak of the *American*, and not of the *English* language as the one we spoke.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

The departure of the Empress and the Imperial household from Paris for the Pyrenees and Biarritz, leads us seek in those beautiful localities the freshest dresses for the season. Muslin, organdie, silk gauze, and tarlatan, are the materials most appropriate for countries in proximity to the burning sun of Spain. These dresses are made with several volants; nearly all have white grounds and light-colored patterns worked in the stuff, and ornamented with "transparents"—pink, blue, or pearl gray. Barege is nearly laid aside this year, but taffetas are specially adopted as the richest summer dresses. They are all quadrilled, and principally with plaid pattern, black and white, of several sizes; those dresses are much worn without volants, and with bands of the same plaid squares placed on the sides, and even also on the edge of each breadth in the petticoat, which is also repeated as trimming of the body and sleeves. A dress for making visits in town can also be composed as follows: —*Gray taffetas (glace)*; the body without basques, or closed in front by fancy buttons; the sleeves ornamented with buttons and white guipure. The petticoat has three volants, each edged with low and fine guipure. The mantilla is embroidered and trimmed with white guipure, the pattern corresponding with that on the volants. The bonnet consists of bands of pink taffetas and white blonde, with roses on the poke, and heath roses inside the *tour de tete*.

Another dress is of undyed silk, with three volants, having a pattern of white worked in the stuff; a shawl of Chantilly lace, ornamented with a volant of the same material.

The dresses of fancy materials, as in muslin, will be made with three volants, with patterns worked in the stuff of garlands of flowers, called *jardinieres*; in each volant is passed a ribbon of color to match with the garland; the body and sleeves are ornamented in the same manner. The bonnet is of rice-straw, with bunches of flowers, called "Ophelia." The mantilla is of white muslin, embroidered with two volants; completing a delightful costume for summer.

Another charming costume is of organdie blue and white, of small plaid pattern; the petticoat with six volants, edged with a narrow ribbon of taffetas, Louisa-blue color, upon which runs a small white guipure. The basque of the body forms the seventh volant. The body has braces, and sleeves are ornamented with blue and white taffetas ribbons, with knot or bow in front of the body and two rows on the edge of the sleeves.

Another favorite dress is of Chambery gauze, of Celadon green, with a worked pattern of Italy green color. The petticoat has five volants. The body is open in front, and fixed to the waist by a band, with floating ends of taffetas ribbons, of the same color as the dress. The kerchief and the sleeves are of English point lace; a mantilla of black lace is worn on the shoulders; and a bonnet of white guipure, with leaves of water plants resembling the green of the dress, completes this delightful costume.

PHYSICAL CAPABILITIES OF RUSSIAN AND BRITISH SOLDIERS.—The report of Dr. Lyons, says the London Dispatch, on the comparative capabilities and stamina of the Russian and British soldiers will surprise many. He gives the decided preference to the former. He says they are lithe, muscular, large framed, and hard as iron—all on rye bread, train-oil, and occasional "rakhi"—while our men are soft, inflated, and made up of adipose matter ill suited to hardship. He further says that the Russian soldiers survived their wounds, and lived under operations before which ours sank. This latter is what we would expect. In India, where all live on vegetable diet, wounds heal with miraculous rapidity. In this country the wounds of children, before they get much animal food, very quickly close and recover. We doubt whether the Russian soldier bore up against cholera or fever as well as the British. If the physical energy of the Muscovite was greater than that of the Saxon, why was he beaten at Alma or Inkermann? Beef and bones do not alone make up the substance of a man. Nervous energy, a material element of strength, cannot, we suspect, be supplied without somewhat high feeding. It is surprising what our Middlesex or Surrey peasantry will do in the way of work, with lean arms, spindle legs, and narrow chest, on the higher diet they command. We remember the great Brahmin Ram Mohun Roy, on a discussion arising as to the comparative merits of animal and vegetable diet, stated that often one branch of a Brahminical family would become converted to Mohammedanism, which permits the use of flesh meat, while the main trunk would continue in the Hindoo faith, and stick to rice; and that, after a few generations, the Mohammedan schismatics uniformly shot past the vegetarians in every mental and physical quality.

STANDING TREE CUTTER.

Our engraving illustrates a novel improvement for cutting down trees, for which a patent was granted to Mr. G. C. Ehrsam, of New York City, June 25th, 1856.

The tree is encircled at its base by a strong iron ring, A, which is hinged, so that it may be readily opened and closed for adjustment. Screws, B, bear against the tree, and hold the ring firmly in place. The cutting is done by means of a cutter, C, which is carried round the tree by means of a circular rack, D. The rack fits into a cavity at D (fig. 2,) in ring A, and is moved by a pinion, E, power being applied to a crank in the manner shown.

The upper edge of ring A is covered by a flat ring, F, which is hinged, the edges where it opens being brought together and secured by means of the projecting ears, G G. These ears are firmly attached to the ring, F. They are hollow, and through their interior passes the tool stock, H, which carries the cutter, C. I is a ferule, which holds the ear together.

The upper edge of the ring, A, has screw threads cut upon it, throughout its entire circumference, (see fig. 2.) The lower surface of the tool stock, H, also has corresponding screw threads, which rest in and fit the screw threads of A. There is a depression in the top of rack, D, to suit the shape of the lower part of stock, H, so that when the rack goes round it carries with it stock H. The screw thread of stock, H, fitting, as before described, into the threads in the ring, A, it follows that when stock, H, is moved around it will also be fed inward towards the centre of the tree. In this manner, a steady but very gradual inward feed of the cutter is produced, the advance of the tool stock at each complete revolution around the tree being only equivalent to the width of one screw thread.

This invention has been tested by a working machine, and found to operate with entire success. For cutting down locust trees and other species of valuable wood, it effects an important saving, as it may be applied so as to cut close to the surface of the ground. In some localities the loss of wood for want of some means of cutting close down is from $2 to $5 per tree.

Another advantage of the improvement is that the butt of the tree is cut off at right angles to the trunk, so that no recutting or resawing is necessary to fit the end of the *log* for the mill. The stump is also left flat, which hastens its decay. Chopped stumps are left with crevices, and become covered over with substances which prevent the entrance of moisture, and consequent decay. The inventor informs us that with the assistance of this invention he can cut down trees in less than half the time that the same can be cut with an axe. The parts are all simple, strong, and effective. The method of fitting the machine to the tree and again disengaging it, is convenient and quick. For further information, address the inventor, No. 212 Broadway, Room 10, New York City.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

FROM PROF. AYTOUN'S "BOTHWELL."

Oh, Mary—Mary! Even now,
Seared as I am to shame,
The blood grows thick around my heart
At utterance of thy name!
I see her, as in bygone days,
A widow, yet a child,
Within the fields of sunny France,
When Heaven and fortune smiled.
The violets grew beneath her feet,
The lilies budded fair,
All that is beautiful and bright
Was gathered round her there.
Oh lovelier than the fairest flower
That ever bloomed on green,
Was she the lily of the land,
That young and spotless Queen!
The sweet, sweet smile upon her lips,
Her eyes so kind and clear,
The magic of her gentle voice,
That even now I hear!
And nobles knelt, and princes bent
Before her as she came;
A Queen by gift of nature she,
More than a Queen in name.
Even I, a rugged border lord,
Unused to courtly ways,
Whose tongue was never tutored yet
To lisp in polished phrase;
I, who would rather on the heath,
Confront a feudal foe,
Than linger in a Royal hall
Where lackeys come and go—
I, who had seldom bent the knee
At mass, or yet at prayer,
Bowed down in homage at her feet,
And paid my worship there!
Ah me! and this is Christmas-eve;
And here alone I lie,
With nothing save my own wild thoughts
For bitter company!
My own wild thoughts, that will not pass,
Howe'er I bid them go—
My torture, yet the only friends
That visit me below.
Full many a hearth is decked to-night
To hail the blessed morn,
On which, in ages long ago,
The Saviour child was born—
The churches all are wreathed with green,
The altars set with flowers,
And happy lowly hearts wait on
And count the passing hours;
Until the midnight chimes proclaim
The hallowed season come,
When Heaven's broad gates are opened wide,
And Hell's loud roar is dumb.
Then myriad voices in acclaim
The song of homage yield,
That once from angels' lips was heard
By shepherds in the field.
Still for a time are angry thoughts,
The hearts of men are mild;
The father with a holier thrill
Bends o'er his slumbering child;
Now is the kiss the husband gives
Unto his wedded wife,
For earthly love, when blest by Heaven,
Ends not with earthly life;
And, fountain-like, o'er all the world,
Where Christ's dear name is known,
Leap up the sounds of prayer and praise
Toward the eternal throne.
But I, a slave in bondage here,
Racked—torn by mad despair—
How can I falter forth the words
Of praise or yet of prayer?
Men drove me from them, as a wolf
From mountain-folds is driven,
And what I could not win on earth
How dare I seek from Heaven?
Ay, howl again, thou winter wind—
Roar louder yet, thou sea!
For nothing else can stun the thoughts
That rise to madden me.

ADVICE GRATIS.—Respect gray hair, especially your own.

Lock up the piano, when you are going out of town.

Estimate a man according to his worth, and not according to what he is worth to you.

Bills are chickens that always come home to roost.

The waistcoat with a farthing in the pocket commands a high price from a Jew.

Be candid—speak of the present as though they were absent; to be charitable—speak of the absent as though they were present.—*Punch*.

☞ "What is the cause of the potato rot?" "It is attributed to the rot-ta-tery influence of the earth." "How was this ascertained?" "By consulting a great many common-taters."

THE WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.

Nicknames, prejudices, and false theories are often extremely long-lived, especially when pride or vanity helps to preserve their vitality. We have all a prejudice against monkeys; and if you begin with the ugliest and the longest tailed, your dislike increases at every gradation as you ascend to the wild man of the woods, who inspires you with indescribable antipathy because of his horrid resemblance to yourself. He appears to stand on the utmost verge of what we call the lower creation, and impudently to claim admission into the human family. But we look at his long feet, his gigantic hands, his colossal neck, his broad face, and the repulsive colossities which supply the place of whiskers; and shudderingly push him from us, call him a beast, and shoot him.

Among the philosophers of the last century there prevailed a notion, put forward half jocularly, but at bottom perhaps seriously adopted, that men were only large monkeys, which had worn off their tails by sitting perpetually on the rocks. The idea may have originated in a strong love of satire, or in some dim perception of the theory which represents all nature as in a state of perpetual development, evolving superior out of inferior things, though the germs of all qualities must have existed in the original fount of organization. A partisan of this philosophy would probably discover the first rudiments of a court-exquisite in the wild man of the woods who builds his house in a tree amid the vast forests of Pulo-Kalamantin, which, in imitation of the early Spanish navigators, we call Borneo. This creature, known among the natives as the Mias Papan, hovers about the farms and villages, as if obscurely hungering after human society. In muscular strength it far exceeds the Dyak or the Malay, and in all likelihood would prove a formidable rival to the stoutest Cornish wrestler. It even ventures to face the bear in the forest, and, unarmed, sometimes comes off victorious.

Connected with this subject an anecdote is related which may be worth repeating. A Dyak farmer, who devoted his industry to the cultivation of the sugar-cane, learned that a mias, who lived in his neighborhood, descended nightly from the forest to commit depredations in his fields. Men are generally bold in defence of their own property.—The worthy Kalamantinese, therefore, taking up a sharp spear, issued forth soon after dark, and lay in wait for the robber. It would be difficult to imagine a more lonely or exciting situation.—He walked to and fro;—he planted himself behind the stems of huge trees, and looked forth upon the green expanse of sugar-cane, which lay waving and heaving in the night-breeze beneath the moon. For a considerable time he watched in vain: at length he perceived, sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree, the huge marauder quietly masticating the sugar-cane, the sweet juice of which appeared to have acted upon his senses like the flavor of the fabulous lotus, for he permitted the vindictive farmer to approach and wound him with his spear before he emerged from his reverie. Then, however, he started to his feet, and looking about for the treacherous enemy, saw a large bear emerging from a clump of foliage. There was no time for deliberation, or for asking himself the question, how the bear, possessing no missiles, could have wounded him from a distance. Like a true warrior, he flew at the first foe that offered himself; and the grunting and growling of these fierce combatants, animated to the highest pitch of fury, suggested to the Dyak farmer the prudence of beating a speedy retreat. On returning next morning, to the field of battle, he found the bear lying dead on the ground, and, at no great distance, the mias in the same condition. It is probable, however, that but for the deep wound inflicted by the spear, the latter would have obtained the victory, and gone back unscathed to his wife and little ones, who were no doubt anxiously expecting him in their lofty dwelling.

The accounts given of the dimensions of the mias are various; some writers being inclined to exaggerate their height, and some very much to understate it. The truth appears to be that, like men, they differ very greatly in stature, certain individuals not exceeding four feet in height, while others fall very little short of six feet. Their habits and manners are an awful caricature of those of man. They utter sounds which suggest the idea of an imperfect speech; they build houses, though very rude ones, high up amid the branches of forest trees, where they live with their females and their young; they traverse the woods by climbing from bough to bough, the females carrying their young in one arm, while they make their way among the branches with the other. The male reconnoitres the enemy grimly from behind large trunks or boughs, and will often lose his life fighting in defence of his helpmate. Occasionally, it is said, they carry off Dyak women into the woods, and compel them to live with them. They constitute, doubtless, the strange race of which so many wild stories are told among the Arabs, who, when of old they visited the Indian Archipelago, peopled every island with myths and legends no less marvellous than those which meet us in the Arabian Nights. Among these is the tradition preserved in the narrative of the Pearl-merchant, that they once stole an old woman, and made her their queen, displaying towards her a reverence bordering on worship. No doubt, the Moslem writer greatly embellished the anecdote related to him, but there probably existed some foundation for what he records.

If any man, like Mr. White of Selborne, were to take up his residence in the Borneon forests, and study there at his leisure the character and habits of the wild men of the woods, we might probably come to understand them. At present, we know little beyond the number of their teeth, the color of their hair, and the ugliness of their physiognomies. Have they faculties capable of cultivation? Could they be rendered gentler, more docile, or even useful, by careful and considerate treatment? Whether or not, is it permitted man to hunt them down like wild beasts—to shoot the mother with her little ones in her arms—to kill the father while he stands up in defence of his family? We once conversed with a traveller, who, after having indulged for some time in the chase of the Mias Papan, and brought down several individuals to the ground, was struck with remorse at beholding the rolling of the eyes and the strong expression of agony depicted in the countenances of the wounded. He felt as if he had been committing murder. The unhappy wretches lay on the earth groaning and sighing like so many soldiers pierced in battle; and when they breathed forth their lives in blood, they seemed to put forth a strong claim for the forbearance and sympathy of mankind.

An old writer remarks, that in length of time it is probable that highly improbable things should happen, and accordingly we think it not unphilosophical to believe that the mias may, to some extent, be taught to speak. Various kinds of birds have been taught to imitate the human voice, but all attempts to acquire by this any knowledge of their interior organization have proved fruitless. It might be different with the mias. He has, doubtless, a certain number of ideas peculiar to his race, and the question is, whether these might not be multiplied by civilization? We find that all individuals of all races of the human species may be taught something, and what they are taught they can teach their children. In all other divisions of the animal kingdom, the examples are rare, so far as we know, of the transmission of any acquirement from one generation to another. The individual appears to be susceptible of improvement; but the race, so far as intelligence is concerned, remains the same. This constitutes the distinction between man and all other animals. Would the Mias Papan form a second exception? We do not accept the testimony of the Orientals, but the Arabs pretend that the wild men of the woods exhibit some traces of religious practices. According to these imaginative authors, they assemble in large numbers at the full of the moon, and bow and gesticulate towards its silver effulgence. This may be mere fancy; but we do not require this proof of their sharing in our ideas, to justify us in regarding as little short of murder the hunting and slaughtering of these creatures. If a very ardent pursuer of science were to overtake in the woods one of the aborigines of New Holland or New Guinea, who happened by chance to be dumb, we doubt not he would, without the slightest remorse, shoot him, stuff his skin, and transmit him to Europe, as a specimen of a new animal. We can easily imagine a Dyak farmer lying in wait for one of these forest burglars and killing him in defence of his sugar-canes; but we are unable to contemplate without horror a man, gun in hand, dogging a creature very much like himself through the forests, in order, through becoming guilty of his death, to procure his skin for a museum.

Though the poor wretch be dumb, he is not by any means destitute of feeling. Chop language or logic how we please, it is impossible to regard him otherwise than as a member of some family; he has his female partner, whom, in his own jargon, he may call wife; he has little ones whom, in the same dialect, he may denominate children; and it is very certain that, whatever he calls or considers them, he provides carefully for their maintenance, and has therefore some sense of duty—perhaps a higher sense of duty than the armed savage who tracks him through the forest for his blood. The scientific assassin may look upon him simply as a specimen. But transport yourself in fancy into one of the vast solitudes in the interior of Kalamantin, and look at a venerable old mias, sitting with his wife and family about him, in his arboreal habitation. He may possibly be very ugly; his nose may be broad, his face flat, and he may have portentous callosities instead of whiskers; but he is a mild old fellow, and has been sufficiently mellowed by time to regard the world in a calm and philosophical light. He has witnessed the rising and setting of many a sun; he has hunted; he has fished; he has fought with Dyaks and Malays; he has bitten off many a finger, and laid his heavy hand on many a dusky back, in defence of his rights. But then, it may be said, he is unable to explain those rights, and has never thought of presenting them to the world in a blue folio. So much the more reason have we to pity him. He does not, perhaps, understand distinctly why he should be shot, and have his skin stuffed for a museum; nor would he by any means acquiesce in the reasoning by which the man of science might seek to justify the murderous process. He has come into the enjoyment of life without knowing how, just as the man of science himself has, and is quite as solicitous to prolong the delight of looking at the sun, as the man who dodges him for his skin. We wish the mias could write. Would he not describe with fearful eloquence the poignancy of his sufferings, when seeking, with his awkward movements, to escape from the well-booted stranger from the west, plunging after him, sometimes up to his chin in water, merely to make his children fatherless, and his wife a widow! The Dyaks have a good excuse for killing the mias, who meets them sometimes stick in hand, fights desperate battles, and occasionally, if fame speak true, carries off his enemy's head as a trophy. The Dyak himself does much the same when he kills anybody, man or monkey. At any-rate, in the former case, he cuts off the head, puts it under his arm, carries it home, smokes it carefully, and then hangs it up in a house with other smoked heads, perhaps secretly, as a sort of fetisch.

This creature, however—this Dyak—is admitted freely into the human family, notwithstanding his sanguinary propensities, simply because he can speak, and we by no means object to his admission. But would it do any harm if we were to widen a little the circle of our humanity, and suffer it to embrace the mias also? He might be looked upon and treated as a sort of cousin-german to the human race, remarkable for his ugliness, and unfortunately deprived of the means of expressing his ideas; but still related to us by the ties of kindred, and therefore forbidden to be shot down and hunted like a wild beast. Science can fairly make no pretensions, at present, to fix the bounds of his mental horizon. He may be able to think a great deal more than we are aware; and what travellers speak of as his grunt, may be some incipient form of speech capable of being cultivated and enlarged. The double-click Hottentots do little more than grunt, and yet we exhibit no reluctance to extend to them the common rights of humanity. Many tribes of negroes, the natives of New Holland, the Horaforas, hovering like a dark cloud on the furthest limits of the Indian Archipelago, share our general form and vocal powers, but have little beyond these rudiments of humanity; yet we very wisely, kindly, and philosophically call them our brethren; hold out to them our hand, and seek to help them up the toilsome ladder of civilization. What harm could arise to us, if we were to go down a few steps further, and say to the Mias Papan, "You have a very ugly physiognomy; you are hairy, like Esau; you are therefore no customer to tailors or manufacturers; but you work with your hands; you walk upon your feet; and you look, as the Roman poet expresses it, with an erect visage into the sky; we invite you to change your mode of living, to cultivate your grunt, to enlarge your vocabulary, and to put on clothes like decent people. Who knows but by these civil processes, you may mount a little higher in the scale of existence? At any rate, the attempt may be worth making?"

Some years ago, several individuals in this mission-organizing country thought of getting up a society for the protection of the eastern pirates. It would, in our opinion, be equally praiseworthy to form an association for civilizing the Mias Papan, or at least for disseminating the idea that it is neither civilized, manly, nor religious to shoot him like a tiger. To be kind to the inferior creation would be a more certain mark of superiority on our part, than the faculty to expatiate by the hour on dried butterflies and the idiosyncrasies of tadpoles. If we can do nothing useful with this poor creature, let him, at least, enjoy his native woods in peace. Perhaps it would prove impracticable to teach him to build a better house than he now possesses; but we cannot help admiring the ingenuity with which, in less than a minute, he weaves the pliant branches of trees into something like a cradle for himself. In a comparatively short space of time, he fabricates, like our British ancestors, a house of wattle, small, and perhaps incommodious, but yet sufficient to contain him, his female, and his little ones—far up amid the roof of the forest, where he sits or lies at his ease during the intervals between his secular labors. And those forests—what a glorious domain!—extending for hundreds of miles along ridges of mountains, along channels of vast rivers, down precipices, through valleys, over plains where the foot of man, in many instances, has never left its impress, and where the mias may enjoy the fancy that he is monarch of all he surveys. We talk of the enterprise of the present age, which, no doubt, is very considerable, but which, nevertheless, developes itself steadily in a way fixed for it by routine. Travellers nearly always go where other travellers have been. There are immense tracts in the interior of Africa, in Australasia, in the islands of the Indian Archipelago, about which civilized man knows absolutely nothing. There may, therefore, in the animal kingdom, as well as in geography, be discoveries yet to be made. The Mias Papan may form only the external link of a chain, the other extremity of which lies hidden in the wild solitudes of Borneo. He may be the degenerate outsider of a better and more intelligent race, or he may be only one specimen of numerous tribes—similar, but not identical—which nestle in thick darkness among the primeval woods. We would therefore venture to suggest to philosophers the desirableness of giving a new direction to their researches, and trying what may be done in the regions of the further east. All animals which may be tamed have not yet been brought under the yoke of civilization; and therefore, whatever the mias may be, we think it perfectly worth while to give him a fair chance of improving his condition.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

PUNISHMENT OF THE WHEEL.—The punishment of the wheel, which was suppressed in 1790, was one of the most frightful which can be imagined. The criminal was extended on a St. Andrew's cross. There were on it eight notches cut, one below each arm, between the elbow and wrist, another between each elbow and the shoulders; one under each thigh, and one under each leg. The executioner, armed with a heavy triangular bar of iron, gave a violent blow on each of these eight places, and, of course, broke the bone; and a ninth on the pit of the stomach. The mangled victim was now lifted from the cross, and stretched on a small wheel, placed vertically at one of the ends of the cross, his back on the upper part of the wheel, his head and feet hanging down. The sentence bore, that he was to remain there as long it please God to prolong his life. Many lingered there five or six hours, some longer. A son of a jeweler, in the *Place de la Dauphine*, who had murdered his father, was only relieved by death at the end of twenty-four hours. These unhappy wretches, often uttering horrible blasphemies, always tormented by a continual thirst, incessantly called out for something to drink. A man of God, a priest, never left their side during their excruciating agony; but incessantly put water to their parched lips, wiped the sweat from their burning brow, and pointed to a merciful God above the scaffold, extending his arms to receive them. This holy duty was always discharged by a doctor of the Sorbonne.

SLEEP.—There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, than the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is that, in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs; thus it is also that those who starve to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are three—1st. Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep. 2nd. That time saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to the mind, body, and estate. 3rd. Give yourself, your children, your servants, give all that are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take by compelling them to go to bed at some regularly early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they awake; and within a fortnight, nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will loose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question, how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself; great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulation just given.

A PAINTER'S REVENGE.—After Gainsborough's introduction to court, commissions for portraits flowed in so fast that, with all his rapidity of execution and untiring industry, he was unable to satisfy the impatience of some of his sitters. One gentleman lost his temper, and inquired of the painter's porter, in a voice loud enough to be overheard, "Has that fellow Gainsborough finished my portrait?" Ushered into the painting-room, he beheld his picture. After expressing his approbation, he requested it might be sent home at once, adding, "I may as well give you a cheque for the other fifty guineas." "Stay a minute," said Gainsborough, "it just wants the finishing stroke;" and such was his independent spirit, that snatching up a background brush, he dashed it across the smiling features, indignantly exclaiming, "Sir, where is my fellow now?"

☞ ADVICE GRATIS.—Don't blunt your razor to open another man's oysters. Keep your wit as a buckler to defend yourself, and not as a sword to wound others. Persons who wash at home should take care to keep the kitchen door shut.—*Punch*.

☞ Death makes our enemies cease to hate us, and our friends to love us more.

☞ He is the best accountant who can count up correctly the sum of his own errors.

LIFE IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

[We are permitted to lay before the readers of the Saturday Evening Post, the following entertaining letter lately received by a gentleman in this city, from a friend in the Far West.]

. . . . . NORTH PLATTE, July 17th, 1856.

My Dear ——— I promised to write to you occasionally, when last we met, but I have never been able to "screw my courage to the sticking point." To you the recounting of adventures and incidents common to one who is leading a demi-savage existence would be anything but interesting. You being, as Philadelphians say, a "man of peace," would be likely to censure my connection with an expedition directed against the Indian. In most of the States, sympathy for the Indian has become a virtue, or general opinion makes it such. This sympathy is founded on an estimate of Indian character gathered from the rhapsodies of poets, the cant of sentimental authors, and the extravagance of many who should have known better. By these the Indian has been invested with qualities and virtues which have no other existence than that supplied by their own imaginative minds. An image has been tricked which bears as much resemblance to the original as the unhewn marble to the finished statue. He has been given a character for eloquence equal to that of the orators of Ancient Greece, when, in reality, his language is meagre, impoverished, and his comparisons are altogether material; he is entirely devoid of imagination, that important element of true eloquence. One would naturally conclude that the shadows of his wilderness home, the contemplation of great natural beauties, his constant intercourse with nature, would tend to give to his mind a poetical cast. To the contrary, he is entirely devoid of any poetical feeling, (of course poetry in the literal sense must not be expected,) the gratification of his sensual desires and physical wants is the sole occupation of his life. Does he make use of the expression, "a cloudless sky," it is not the serenity of mind a refined person would understand it to be, but his physical ease and enjoyment. Many speeches, specimens of Indian eloquence, said to be literal translations, are but too much like many of those of their white brethren, first seen, or heard, when printed. Bombast, materialism, and an unpardonable use of signs, to express his meaning, is the only character I can give the Indian for eloquence. They have given him just such traits as a refined mind would be supposed to possess if placed in the Indian's position. He is considered a wonder and a *mystery*, yet to those who from long intercourse with him are best able to judge, there is nothing unintelligible in him. He is a strange incongruity of contradictions. Proud as Lucifer, puffed up with an inflated idea of his own importance, brave as the bravest, he deems himself the monarch of all, and yet he will beg for a dram of whiskey, or pick up a crust of bread from the front of the pale-faces' tent. With him the love of glory is a passion, and to allay its cravings he will dare cold, hunger, fire, even death—treacherous and suspicious, he will vent his spleen by a secret stab, rather than an open blow. His warfare is all ambuscade and stratagem—when intoxicated, instead of the joviality and mirthfulness of the white, he is sullen and dejected.

He will not degrade himself by useful or menial toil, he hunts and fights, brings home food for his family, and watches and battles for its protection. The care of his animals and weapons engages his whole attention when at home, except perhaps, smoking and gambling. In the latter everything is staked, squaw, blanket, horse and rifle, with the recklessness of a madman. The squaws do all the work, gather wood, carry water, dress the skins, cook, strike and pitch the lodges, while my red "lord of creation" smokes his pipe as complacently as if it were so ordained. The squaws do not complain of their lot, they would despise their husbands were they to stoop to any degrading (useful) duty.

The squaws are a "peculiar institution," and have attracted considerable of my attention. They have the smallest feet, neatest ankles, and most musical laugh of any females I ever met. The squaws of some of the tribes are really good looking, especially those of the Cheyennes nation. They have fine features, graceful forms, and regular teeth—Wear the gaudiest garments, more beads, and use the most red paint of any tribe in the North-West. At a little distance they might captivate a susceptible youngster like me, but upon a nearer approach the nasals are assailed by a peculiar odor, and the eye discovers that washing is one of their abominations. In fact, there is not a tradition existing among any of the tribes with which I am acquainted of an Indian ever having bought a fine-tooth comb or a piece of soap!

I make an interesting study of every different tribe and nation I visit. They all possess characteristics peculiar to themselves as bands and tribes. At first, they seemed to me to look alike, they were all of a copper color, all had black hair, black eyes, high cheek bones, receding foreheads, Roman noses, and swelling lips—but gradually as I became more familiar with them, I could detect individual character, and phases of character, until now, I am able to tell band, tribe or nation, at a single glance.

The opinion of the Indian which I have given, is not hastily formed or singular. During the past winter and spring, when going round with the Indian Agent, I had numerous opportunities of observing; that, with much that I have learned from old traders and trappers, and some that I have "read and dreampt," justifies me in thinking that I have not done him injustice in thus roughly handling him.

Barbarism must give way to civilization; injustice will be done one party; but is there now one person living who regrets that the Indian should have been driven from his Eastern hunting grounds, to give place to the improvements of civilization? The extermination of a whole race from the face of the earth is a sad subject for man's contemplation, one that I have not the moral courage to front.

The total extinction is not as near hand as many would imagine at a first glance, pressed as they are, on both sides, by the advancing tide of civilization—a great natural barrier interposes to save them. They are now nearly confined to that extensive, almost barren, tract, extending along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, for several thousand miles. It is a tract which will never be permanently settled until the country becomes crowded, a refuge for renegades from society, where the Indian, buffalo, antelope, and grizzly bear, will live for years to come—until all trace of the red man will be lost in the heterogeneous population.

Of course you will expect me to give you an account of the country it has been my fortune to leave my trail on. I am sorry my previous education did not partake of the practical character necessary to do justice to a subject of this nature. My own individual impression of things as I saw them, therefore, is all I could give you, and as that would relate merely to appearances, without regard to capabilities and resources, it would but incline you to smile at my ignorance, especially as this subject has been touched and handled by so many able hands with whose works you are acquainted. One thing I can assure you of, there is not "timber" enough between the Missouri and the mountains to make a coffin of. In fact, there is but one tree of which I have the least remembrance, although I am positively assured there are two others on the plains. The particular tree I refer to is known to all who travel the Oregon trail as the "Lone tree." It is a point the emigrant longs to reach by evening, as good water and plenty of pasturage is to be found in its vicinity. How deceptive the plains are; when I first saw the "Lone tree" I calculated it to be about five miles distant; knowing its proximity to water, I gave my pony the reins, and continued at a fast pace for an hour or more, but to my astonishment I was apparently no nearer than at first; when the main body came up I was informed we would not reach it until the evening of the following day, it being thirty-five miles distant! The only way to calculate distances on the plains is to make a rough guess and multiply by ten.

I dislike travelling on the plains; after having once crossed them, your curiosity is appeased, you see in them but one vast monotonous sheet of land, unbroken by anything save here and there a gigantic sage bush, or mammoth cluster of prickly pears. If a person were to live on them a few years he would begin to consider a gopher hill a mountain, or a mullen stalk a giant tree. True, when I crossed them a year ago, I found enough to interest me, notwithstanding my sufferings from ill-health, wounds, thirst and hunger. I remember one hot day in September last, I rode thirty miles under a broiling sun without water, and upon reaching the spot we intended stopping at, we found the creek dry; we were scarce able to proceed, yet to remain would have been certain death. We jogged on ten miles further when I regaled myself with the most acceptable draught I ever remember to have tasted. In a low, muddy bottom, through which a wagon-wheel had left a deep rut, I found a composition of Buffalo excresence, aqua cilæ, yellow clay, and various other ingredients disagreeable to the nasals. I stooped down, and, using my moustachios as a strainer, I drained the rut dry. Think of that after a shower, when your fastidiousness finds fault with the Schuylkill. Excuse the digression. Since I have came among the mountains I have learned to think of the plains as a preparatory school in which the traveller learns to appreciate the dignity of a crab-apple tree, or the solemn grandeur of a mole-hill.

It was the realization of one of the brightest day-dreams of my youth—you know I am getting old, every moment adds to my age—when the Rocky Mountains first loomed in the West, their misty outline looking like clouds defined against the clear sky. From that day I began to think more of Him who erected these grand old mountains, and less of my own insignificant self. Of all the grand features of the earth's surface, nothing impresses us more deeply than a lofty mountain; and were I not so firmly attached to home and friends, to the refinements and conveniences of civilization, here would I wish to spend the remainder of my life, like another Leather Stocking, living the life of a free hunter dependant on no one;—unfortunately for me, however, I am not of a solitary cast of mind; naturally I am a social animal, and, as Carlyle, or some other metaphysician, for once, understandingly says, "Isolation is the sum total of wretchedness to man," so would I be if all hope of ever returning to civilization were cut off. The *English opium eater, De Quincy*, somewhere remarks that "No man can be truly *great* without at least chequering his life with solitude." It strengthens and develops some of the noblest qualities of human nature. I sincerely hope, on the strength of his theory, that you will find me, upon my return, at least a little improved in some of those qualities which before were deficient.

I am now living on the head waters of a branch of La Platte, at the foot of what are generally called the "Red Buttes," the termination of a spur of the Rockies. It is a wild, terribly wild spot, where white man has never before resided. The Salt Lake mail passes through this place, and crosses the river just below, and one company of Rangers is stationed here for the protection of emigration. Game abounds in the greatest plenty. I eat scarcely anything but wild flesh for breakfast, dinner and supper. The Red Buttes are the central point of meeting for the Snakes, Crows, Blackfeet, Cheyennes, &c., and all their war-parties cross at this point. At present we are having a hot time of it. The Snakes and Crows are at war, and this company and the Cheyennes are at loggerheads. Some time ago a war-party of Cheyennes attacked the camp at night, stole four horses, and took one man prisoner. The Rangers followed on their ponies, and routed them out of their camp, killing several and taking one chief prisoner. On the following day the mutilated leg of the white man was found, and judging by appearances, he had been subjected to the severest tortures that Indian cruelty could devise, and was then burned at the stake. The Cheyennes since then killed four white men some two hundred miles below here. The chief is a prisoner in irons. Immediately after his capture he attempted to put an end to his life by stabbing himself, but failed. My friends need not be alarmed on my account; although in camp on the night in question, I was allowed to take no part in the pursuit, and have special orders to keep out of any fray, except a general engagement, (like the one of the 3rd of Sept., 1855, nor would I have been in that had not my confounded impulsive eagerness urged me to rush in, although I had been sent on the heights five miles distant,) and dare not even accompany a scouting party without obtaining the commander's leave, and latterly he always has orders to write, or returns to make out, whenever a scout is starting. When the camp was attacked, I immediately ran to the log guard-house, fired two revolvers at a party rushing by the *corral*, and then went to sleep until the pursuers returned—(telling the guard to "wake me when Kirby died.") I have learnt by experience, and fools will not learn otherwise, that, in moments of danger, to be where you are ordered will sometimes save a broken arm and a disagreeable tickling in the neighborhood of the knee.

Not many miles south of this, are the Springs spoken of by Col. Fremont. Two very large ones are hot, the temperature of the water being about 160 deg. Fah.; near them is another, so strongly impregnated with saltpetre that neither animals or men can drink of it, but it will make bread rise admirably.

Opposite our camp bituminous coal is found in abundance; several large veins have been exposed by the washing of the water through a ravine. I pulverized a small quantity of it, and filling my clay pipe with it, I placed the bowl among some live coals, leaving the stem exposed. In a few moments, upon applying a flame to the end of the stem, the gas which was generated ignited and burned plainly for several seconds.

The mountains are heavily wooded with the largest pitch pine I ever saw, nearly two-thirds of the way up their sides. There are saw logs there that would make a lumberman's eyes sparkle.

I should also judge, from outward signs, that the mountains contain iron; but I have not had evidence strong enough to prove it, at least it was not demonstrated so clearly to me as the fact that they contain grizzly bears; one of the "varmints" having disputed my right to an elk which I had shot. Of course, I resigned my claim; at least my pony and self might have been seen clearing the diggings at a "two-forty" speed. I don't like the "varmints;" and always think "discretion the better part of valor," when they show their grizzly shocks. There are many hunters who give them fight, and I once saw one of them killed by an acquaintance of mine, but it was not until upwards of fifteen rounds had been discharged at him. I like the flesh of the animal well enough, but his grip is altogether too cordial for one of my slight build to survive.

When doing business for the Indian Agent last winter, I expected to get to Salt Lake, but owing to the unusual quantity of snow, I was obliged to turn back, after losing two men and all our animals by the cold. We were reduced to the necessity of eating two pack mules, and even a short allowance of that. Of the ten men who formed my escort, not one returned to Fort Laramie uninjured; two died before reaching the Fort, one had his foot so badly frozen as to render amputation necessary, from the effects of which he died; others had their toes, fingers and ears frozen; I alone escaped with a frozen ear, and the effects of that nip have troubled me all summer. Sometimes the ear swells to an enormous size, and then shrinks back to its former dimensions. I received a letter from James Arthur, (brother of T. S. Arthur,) belonging to the staff at Jasamie, informing me that an account of the trip had been published in the St. Louis papers, and that they blamed my foolhardiness in persisting on the party going forward after all the men had perceived the impossibility of getting through the pass. This is in a measure untrue. The Indian Agent had been put under arrest at the Devil's Gate, at least he received notification of that fact there by a runner, who brought us dispatches, and I was ordered to finish the undertaking in his place. We divided the escort of twenty men, he taking ten, and ten going with me. It was the first party I ever had sole charge of, and the busiest was the first responsibility I had been entrusted with, and of course I used my utmost endeavors to push it forward. When some of the party complained, I left it to a vote of the ten, as to whether we should go forward or return, reserving in case of a tie the casting vote to myself. For five successive days the majority were in favor of going on, on the sixth, there was a tie, I voted in favor of going on; on the seventh I was overruled, and I turned back. From the beginning I had noticed in the party a man who was averse to all work; he would hunt no game, would not assist in gathering wood, or clear a place for our fire and beds, (if a blanket on the damp ground can be called a bed,) but was incessantly grumbling at nothing, everything and anything. I was sorry for this, because I found him an intelligent person in conversation. After we left Mr. Twiss, the Indian Agent, this person took an unaccountable dislike toward me, and thwarted every design I proposed. I am informed, by Arthur, that this is the person who wrote an account of the route, exaggerating what was truly bad enough, and endeavoring to lay all to my account. Should you, or any of my friends have seen the account alluded to, accept the above as my explanation. If you think I did wrong, blame me as lightly as possible, remember the peculiar circumstances of my position, and tell me in what other way justice to the department and to the men could have been rendered. Could I have foreseen that men would have been lost, I should have turned back earlier, but I was not gifted with foresight, and acted, I think, as any other person would in like circumstances. I should not have said anything of it here; but I was afraid lest my friends had seen, or would see the communication, and then my silence might have convicted me.

To-day, (20th,) I have unexpectedly been relieved, and ordered to proceed to Fort Laramie to report for further orders. The cause of this sudden change I cannot divine, nor do I know the nature of my business. I shall, however, leave this letter open until I arrive there and am posted up.

July 23. Fort Laramie. To the best of my information, I am to join the party of the newly appointed Indian Agent, and strike a trail along the Northern boundary, visiting many tribes with whom we have never smoked the calumet. Preparations are being made to winter on some one of the many lakes, and we shall probably be absent one year, during which period I will be without the reach of any regular or irregular mail. This is all that makes me regret the trip. For three months I have lived in expectation of receiving letters from the States, but have been disappointed—not a line, even, to tell me that all was well. We will despatch Indian runners, with letters and dispatches, at least once a quarter, and then I will let you hear of me, if I cannot hear of you.

This letter has been written through the intervals of business between the 17th and 27th. This will account for its incongruity, its patch-work arrangement; excuse it, and remember that I am not enjoying the advantages of a comfortable room, with all the nice arrangements peculiar to a clerk's desk in the States. A camp writing-table, with an Indian Lodge over me, was all I possessed on the North Platte. If the wind blew a strong blast, I could not write; if it rained hard, I could not write; nor could I write after dark, because the Rocky Mountain Gas Company have not yet completed their "pipe laying" arrangements. Books, papers, and magazines are perfect strangers to me. If I remain out here much longer, I shall forget that such a thing as a book ever had an existence. It will take me two years to catch up to the age.

A FABLE.—A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards as he walked along, he kept his eyes fixed steadily on the ground, in hopes to find another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a goodly number of gold and silver. But all these years, as he was looking for them, he saw not that the heavens were bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along.

☞ Lafayette sent for a hogshead of earth from Bunker Hill, to be placed over his body at his interment. The selectmen of Boston received the application from his agent. It was taken from the spot where General Warren fell, and accompanied by a certificate that it was "genuine," signed by three of the oldest veterans of the town.

THE LATE MRS. ELIZABETH GRAY, WHEN 103 1-2 YEARS OLD.

A very remarkable inhabitant of the city of Edinburgh lately shuffled off this mortal coil, almost on her 108th birthday. Such was Mrs. Elizabeth Gray, or, as she was better known among her numerous friends, Miss Betty Gray, who died in April last. Miss Gray was born at Newholm, in the county of Lanark, in May, 1748, and thus died a few weeks of completing the 108th year of her age. She was, at the census of 1851, the most aged inhabitant of Edinburgh, and probably died the most aged inhabitant of Scotland. Her father, the late Mr. Gray, of Newholm, died in 1755, so that he was survived by his daughter the extraordinary period of one hundred and one years! Mr. Gray left a widow and a large family, who have been remarkable for longevity. Mrs. Elizabeth Gray was one of three sisters, all of whom lived to a great age; and, what is more remarkable, a brother of the same family died in 1728—an interval of 128 years having elapsed between the death of the brother and the sister. A correspondent of the Athenæum wrote lately to that journal, that nearly seventy years ago he used to visit the lady lately deceased, and was taught the catechism by her. She lived with one of her sisters in a house in the old town, where he remembers the Dutch tiles at the fireplace, with pictures, such as Doddridge describes as having formed the themes of Scriptural lessons from his mother. A brother of the lady was at that time Town Clerk of Edinburgh.

The accompanying Portrait is engraved from a photograph taken from a chalk drawing executed by James Archer, in December, 1851, when Miss Gray was 103½ years old.

As we are recording a remarkable instance of long life it may be interesting to append a note from the Registrar General's Return, dated May 10:

"Thirty-nine persons had arrived at 80 years or more, and of these eight were nonagenarians. A man, one of the Dulwich collegians, was 93 years old; a widow in the workhouse of St. George-in-the-east was 95 years; the widow of a laborer at Putney was 97 years; the widow of a farmer, who died in Kennedy Court, St. Giles', was 98 years; and a spinster at East Dulwich Road had attained the great age of 99 years. It is stated, respecting the person last mentioned, that she retained her sight and hearing till within two months of her death; and that she has two sisters now living in Ireland whose respective ages are 93 and 95 years."

A MODERN SAPPHO.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

They are gone: all is still; foolish heart dost thou quiver?
Nothing moves on the lawn but the quick lilac shade.
Far up gleams the house, and beneath flows the river,
Here lean, my head, on this cool balustrade.

Ere he come, ere the boat, by the shining branch'd border
Of dark elms come round, dropping down the proud stream;
Let me pause, let me strive, in myself find some order,
Ere their boat-music sound, ere their broider'd flags gleam

Is it hope makes me linger? the dim thought, that sorrow
Means parting? that only in absence lies pain?
It was well with me once if I saw him: to-morrow
May bring one of the old happy moments again.

Last night we stood earnestly talking together—
She enter'd—that moment his eyes turn'd from me.
Fasten'd on her dark hair and her wreath of white heather—
As yesterday was, so to-morrow will be.

Their love, let me know, must grow strong and yet stronger,
Their passion burn more, ere it ceases to burn;
They must love—while they must: but the hearts that love longer
Are rare: ah! most loves but flow once, and return.

I shall suffer; but they will outlive their affection:
I shall weep; but their love will be cooling: and he,
As he drifts to fatigue, discontent and dejection,
Will be brought, thou poor heart! how much nearer to thee!

For cold is his eye to mere beauty, who, breaking
The strong hand which beauty around him hath furl'd,
Disenchanted by habit, and newly awaking,
Looks languidly round on a gloom buried world.

Through that gloom he will see but a shadow appearing,
Perceive but a voice as I come to his side:
But deeper their voice grows, and bolder their bearing,
Whose tomb in the fires of anguish hath died.

ADVENTURES OF A THIRTY-TWO POUND SHOT.

The affair which occurred in the harbor of Toulon, in the spring of 1834, when, in firing a salute in honor of the French king's birth-day, some shot from the United States' frigate United States, struck the French Admiral's ship, and killed one or two men, made some noise at the time, but is now scarcely remembered, except as one of those accidents which often occur in naval experience, and which the strictest discipline and the most cautious vigilance may not always prevent. The first lieutenant is considered responsible for the discipline of the ship; but much of that responsibility must be, if we may so express it, merely technical; there are many minute details, in reference to which the most vigilant and competent officers must rely upon subordinates, who may not always be trustworthy; and a slight neglect in these details may derange for the moment the best conceived plan, and produce events as serious as that which occurred at Toulon. It was the loss of life and not the unfrequency of the enormity of the accident at Toulon, that gave it an air of national importance; for such things have occurred before more than once, as well in our service as in the naval service of other countries, without exciting remarks beyond the spot where it happened. These remarks lead me to relate an anecdote communicated by a naval officer, detailing an incident which belongs to this class of naval casualities; and which might have had as tragical a termination as that at Toulon, but terminating differently, may now serve to excite a smile, or amuse a passing hour.

The scene is laid in the harbor of Smyrna. The United States' sloop of war Ontario, returned from a cruise in the Archipelago, put into Smyrna, in the month of February, 1831, on the eve of Washington's birth day. The Ontario dropped anchor in the spacious harbor, outside the immense fleet of shipping which is always to be found in that great eastern mart. In the distance was to be seen the city, its port enlivened by merchant vessels of almost every nation, and between them and the Ontario, a number of British, French, and Dutch ships of war.

On the morning of the 22nd, the gallant sloop was dressed out with flags flying from every mast-head, in honor of the Father of his Country; and Captain S——— went ashore to transact business with the American Consul, Mr. Offley, leaving orders for the customary observances of the day. The first lieutenant accordingly directed that preparations should be made for the birth-day salute, by drawing the shot from the guns. In executing this service, the routine is to draw the shot and lay it alongside of the gun; so that the officer, in passing along to see that the duty has been performed, observing the shot, is satisfied of the fact. On this occasion it happened that the cabin guns were drawn first, and to avoid lumbering the cabin, were directed to be carried away. One of these shot, it seems, from carelessness or hurry, was laid alongside one of the guns in the waist, before the gun had been drawn; and to this slight circumstance were owing the mischances of the day.

While the salute was firing, the attention of the first lieutenant was attracted by the report of one of the guns, and he immediately called out—

"Gunner! that gun had a shot in it."

"No, sir," the gunner replied, "there is the shot alongside the gun."

"No matter for that," said the lieutenant, "I am satisfied from the sound, that the gun was shotted."

"I do not think so, sir," rejoined the gunner, "but at any rate the guns are so depressed that the shot could do no harm."

The guns had been depressed to prevent damage to the neighboring shipping from the wadding.

The salute was fired, and the first lieutenant had gone below, leaving the second lieutenant in charge of the deck. While the officer was pacing the deck, unconscious of impending evil, he observed a boat putting off from a Dutch gun-brig, their nearest neighbor, and steering for the Ontario. She was soon alongside, and a Dutch lieutenant stepped upon the deck, with strong symptoms of consternation in his demeanor.

"Mein Got, sir," was the first salutation, "you fired a shot into us just now, which carried away our main pram, and almost kilt a man."

The American officer expressed his deep regret at the accident, and requested the Dutch officer to be seated, while he communicated the circumstance to the first lieutenant.

"H——, do you know we've shot a Dutchman this morning?"

"Shot a Dutchman!—impossible," cried the lieutenant.

"It's a fact—here's an officer from the Dutch gun-brig on board of us, and he tells me we've carried away some of his tackle and almost kilt a man."

"Then for God's sake, my dear fellow, get a boat, go on board, explain the accident, and make every proper apology; ascertain what damage has been done, and offer suitable reparation."

The officer went on board the Dutch brig and explained the accident to the captain, whom he found a very reasonable man and satisfied with the explanation he gave him. The shot, it seems, had ricochetted, struck the surface of the water and glanced off—passed over the Dutchman's poop and struck his main boom, or "pram," as the Dutch officer had it. The lieutenant inquired for the man who was "almost kilt," and was gratified to learn that the "almost" meant that the shot had passed pretty near a young middy who was walking on the poop at the time, but had neither hit nor hurt him. The Dutch captain politely declined an offer to repair the broken boom, and the American lieutenant returned to his ship. He had scarcely finished his report to the first lieutenant, when a boat came alongside with an officer from a French corvette which was lying beyond the Dutch brig. We may observe, by-the-way, that at the time we are speaking of, there was much coolness subsisting between the American and French officers in the Mediterranean, growing out of the unfortunate fracas which had occurred a short time before, at Mahon, between some American and French sailors, in which a French officer and an American sailor were killed. The French officer came on deck, and with a demeanor that was anything but conciliatory, stated that a shot from the Ontario had passed over the French king's corvette ———, carrying away some of the rigging and a quantity of seamen's clothing which had been hung out to dry.

The officer, stepping to the companion-way, communicated this additional misfortune to the first lieutenant.

"H———, we've shot a Frenchman!"

"Shot a Frenchman!" exclaimed H., is it possible! When shall I hear the last of that infernal shot! Go on board, my dear ———, without delay, and satisfy Monsieur that it was an accident."

The lieutenant accordingly went on board the French corvette, and explained to the captain the circumstances, expressing his deep regret at the accident, and offering to send the proper persons from the Ontario, to repair damages. Monsieur, however, was not in as placable a mood as Mynheer; he declined the offer to repair damages, but talked of informing his government, and maintained a reserved and offended manner, until the American officer's patience began to wear out; assuming as stately a demeanor as the Frenchman, he gravely observed, "Sir, I have informed you of the circumstances of this accident, and made you every apology which in my opinion the nature of the case requires! will you be pleased to inform me whether you are satisfied?" The French captain immediately relaxed, "Oh, oui, Monsieur, certainment, certainment, c'est assez, c'est assez." The American officer thereupon made his bow and returned to the Ontario. The officers now indulged the hope that his unlucky shot had terminated its adventures without further mischief; but the circumstances being such as the first lieutenant thought should be immediately communicated to the captain, they remained on deck until his return. Captain S. came on board about nine o'clock, and making a few observations, took the first lieutenant aside—

"H———," said he, "do you know that you fired a shot to-day?"

"Yes, sir," said H———, "I am perfectly aware of that fact; but how did you learn it, Captain S.?"

"Why, the shot struck an Austrian——"

"Struck an Austrian?" echoed H———.

"Aye, struck an Austrian brig," replied the captain, "the Austrian captain brought the shot to Mr. Offley's, while we were dining."

"Did you actually see the shot, Captain S.?" said H———.

"I actually saw the shot; it was brought, as I told you, by the Austrian captain, to the consul's, while we were at dinner, and laid on the table."

"Where is the shot now, sir?"

"At Mr. Offley's."

"Was any one on board the Austrian ship?" inquired H———.

"No; but some damage is done to the vessel."

"Thank God, then," cried H———, "that I've heard the last of that shot! Never gun fired such a shot before; first, cut away a Dutchman's spanker, next a Frenchman's rigging, now it's hulled an Austrian! But are you sure, Captain S., that you saw the shot at Mr. Offley's?"

A boat was sent on board the Austrian vessel early the next morning. She proved to be a large, new, strong-built brig, of about 320 tons—a Black Sea trader. The ball, which, after it glanced from the water, had passed over the Dutch and French vessels in an ascending course, began to descend before it struck the Austrian; and such was its impetus, that it drove through the thick, strong side of the vessel, carried away a heavy stanchion, and finally brought up on the opposite side of the brig's hold, among a number of men who were at work, without hurting a man. The carpenter of the Ontario soon put all to rights on board the Austrian, and thus ended "The Adventures of a Thirty-two Pound Shot."

PRUDENT INTEMPERANCE.—There was once living in Little Sark an individual who was fond of passing convivial evenings with his friends in the larger division of the island; the sittings were usually prolonged, and his legs in consequence becoming shaky, (perhaps cramped by the sitting posture,) he deemed it advisable before crossing the narrow bridge to experimentalize as to his capacity for walking straight. Fortunately for his purpose, there was lying on the near side an old cannon, (some insane governor had brought there to defend nothing from no one;) if his legs would satisfactorily keep his body perpendicular while walking backwards and forwards on this, he ventured across; if not, he lay down and slept, and then essayed again, until the trial was successful. This individual lived to a good old age, and afforded for many years a living monument of prudence to the youth of Sark.—*Scotch Paper.*

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;

OR,

THE SECRET OF POWER.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

While waiting for the slow response of poor old Mrs. Brunton's unpractised pen, Vivia pursued her quiet search for Wakefield, and at the same time assisted Theodora in her quest after a suitable house, where the latter could take up her residence, and set up her studio.

One morning Vivia left Theodora entranced before her easel, the subject of her picture being the arraignment of William Wallace. After an absence of three hours, Vivia returned, and found her friend in the reaction of creative fever, sitting dreaming in the rocking-chair.

"I have good news for you, *petite*. I have found a beautiful little cottage in a garden in the heart of the city, that will just suit you."

"Oh, indeed! have you! I am very glad! it is really Providential!"

"Well, we will go and see it this afternoon, Dora, and if you like it, as I know you will, we can furnish it to-morrow. By the way, have any letters been left for me?"

"Yes, three, and several papers. One of the letters is from Austin, and another from old Mrs. Brunton; I know their handwritings; the third I think is merely an invitation to some party."

"Give me Mrs. Brunton's letter," exclaimed Vivia, as she took it and broke the seal.

It was a very respectful, affectionate, but formally worded and brief communication, expressing the deepest devotion to her to whom it was addressed, and giving the intelligence that Wakefield lived at "No. — Catherine street, third floor, back."

"We will, after visiting your cottage, my dear, drive down that street to see what sort of a place it is. Now, let us see what Austin talks about," said Vivia, breaking the seal of the second letter.

Austin's "talk" was of barbecues, political dinners, etc. When Vivia had finished reading, she sighed deeply, and looked at Theodora, whose face had become pale and sad. They both feared that habits of excessive conviviality were ruining Austin; but in their tenderness of his good name, neither uttered even to the other the thought uppermost in her mind. Vivia silently opened the third letter, which was found to be only a business circular, and then she examined the papers, that were everywhere filled with political news and discussions. Several times she met the name of her cousin, and as her half-dozen papers were about equally divided between the opposing parties, in some sheets that name was connected with high praise, and in others with severe animadversions. His habits of self-indulgence were exaggerated into gross excesses—his private history was exposed, his domestic misfortunes distorted after the fashion of those political writers of all parties, who make us believe that there is no such thing as truth and candor in any party paper.

"What an audacious falsehood! is there, then, neither honesty nor decency among these politicians?"

Vivia smiled sadly.

"It is of no use to grow excited. In these fierce contests it is even as the sage says: 'Almost St. Paul will lie—almost St. John will hate.' Come, let us to dinner, and then to our drive."

That afternoon the cottage was visited, approved, and secured. On their return home, Vivia made a little circuit to visit Catherine street and find No. —.

The house in question was one of a long row of old three-story red brick buildings, chiefly occupied by pawnbrokers, second-hand furniture dealers, and old clothes venders. It was about mid-way of the square; the front shop and ground-floor was tenanted by an old Jew merchant of cast-off garments, and the upper rooms were let out separately to lodgers. It was with a strange blending of anguish and exultation that Vivia looked upon the wretched scene of Wakefield's renunciation; it was with emotions akin to those with which the faithful once witnessed the pangs and triumphs of the martyr. They drove slowly past the house, turned the corner, and went home.

The next day the newly-rented cottage was furnished, and Theodora's trunks and boxes were conveyed thither. The studio was fitted up and the pictures she had painted during her residence in Europe were unpacked and set up.

As the annual exhibition was near at hand, two of the best pictures were sent up to the Academy as candidates for admission, and one of them, "The Fall of Lucifer," was accepted. It was a terrible and magnificent picture, though severe in the unity and simplicity of its composition. The scenery was the immensity of space in darkness, the sole figure was that of the falling angel, with locks streaming upwards, from the swiftness of descent. It was a work of which, some months after its completion, the young artist herself said, that she could scarcely recognize it as her own work, or realize again the state of soul in which it had been painted. But when it came to ticketing the accepted picture with a price, Theodora objected,—

"I cannot do it, Vivia! I would not part with Regulus or William Wallace at all, except to give either of them away to any dear friend that loved them. As for Lucifer, I have no objections to disposing of that. But whoever wants it, supposing any one does, must give me what they please. I am not a tradeswoman, and cannot meddle with such matters without a declension of power. I know not how this may be with stronger minds."

When the day of the opening of the Academy arrived, Vivia and Theodora attended in the crowd. There were several hundred pictures on exhibition, and among them were two or three very fine paintings, since of world-wide fame.

After these, Theodora's picture attracted the most attention. It was purchased by a gentleman of Boston, who, hearing of the young artist's circumstances, offered what every one considered a munificent price for its possession. This sum made Theodora independent for the time. While holding the sum in her hand, before going to place it in a bank, she said,

"Vivia, I feel somehow ashamed to keep all this money for myself, while my old playmate and friend, who has worked harder and better than myself, remains in penury. I want to send, anonymously, a portion of this to Wakefield."

"Do not dare to do so! I would sooner offer alms to a prince of the blood."

"But what shall I do?" complained Theodora; and to endorse her words, the "eloquent blood" suffused her cheek in an ingenuous blush—"I feel it to be disgraceful to enjoy prosperity while our brother suffers adversity."

Vivia's countenance suddenly flashed with a radiant smile, and she said slowly, and with an ineffable sweetness, as if each spoken thought were dwelt upon delightedly,

"A choice spirit does not heed privations. The image of the Most High, He dwelleth in temples not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. The kingdom of this world, and the glory thereof, has not failed to be offered to him, if only he would fall down and worship the Satan of falsehoods. He

would not. Therefore his empire is not of time or space—it is in eternity and infinitude!"

Theodora's countenance, on the contrary, still revealed the anxiety and dejection of her soul. She gazed suspiciously and reminiscently upon the gold in her lap.

"Oh, Vivia!" she said, "when I think of Wakefield's misfortunes, I look upon my own success as a proof that I have no real merit at all; when I think of his rejection by this world, I look upon my own acceptance at its hands as a token that I must in some manner have betrayed the trust of genius!"

"Not so, for your vocation differs somewhat from his. Both are for good; but by different means. An artist, however great his love of truth, need not offend as an author must. The artist's work is more immediately benign. It is his privilege only to *create*, while it is the author's duty often to *destroy*. You are a creator of beauty—Wakefield a destroyer of ugliness, or falsehood. Therefore, you will be loved and honored, while he will be persecuted or neglected."

"Ah, well! I dare not congratulate myself, or thank the Lord that I am so highly favored, while that fated destroyer, who would lift the pillars of the temple of Error only to bury himself under its fall, is left to suffer alone. Vivia, the soul may be very grand, but I have a pitiful feeling for the poor body that it inhabits. I do want to see Wakefield comfortable. I want to fill a sister's place near him. And I shall do so. I must go to see Wakefield, Vivia."

"Do not dare to do so! Wait, I conjure you! Wait, I command you! It is only my right."

The young author sat alone in his poor chamber. It was, as has been said, a third-story back room, with but one window, overlooking a confined prospect of old chimneys, dingy roofs, dilapidated dormer windows, murky walls rising above pent and squalid yards and *reeking alleys*, and all the abominations of the most wretched spot in the disheartening heart of the city.

Before this sole window, Wakefield sat writing. A dingy transparency, half drawn up, admitted a sort of smoky light. No vision of rising or of setting sun ever gladdened this scene. The old chair in which he sat, the old table at which he wrote, a discolored carpet, a ricketty cot bedstead, a rude bookshelf, the work of his own hands, and a very handsome travelling-trunk, a relic of past prosperity, comprised the whole furniture of this comfortless room. This chamber had not even the merit of quietness and seclusion. The adjoining front room was tenanted by a *poor, laboring family*; and the cries and squabbles of the confined and fretted children, and the scoldings and complaints of the vexed and wearied mother, were almost as unceasing as they were intolerable. In the attic overhead, was a cobbler all day hammering away at his lapstone, and a rag carpet weaver ever clattering at his loom. The noise of this industrious pair above, together with the racket of *the family in the next room*, and of the *lodgers in the lower stories*, and the incessant passing up and down stairs of men in coarse pegged shoes over uncarpetted flooring, made of this place a purgatory to the quiet-loving author. Nor was his room free from intrusion. An importunate rap would bring him to his door, and a little black-haired girl would put in her head with the request—

"Mother says, please sir, will you chop her a little wood;" or, "Mother says, please will you bring her a pail of water;" or, on some evening, "Father says, will you lend him a shilling 'till Saturday night;" or, upon some Sunday, "Mother says, please sir, *don't* be offended, but here's a bowl of nice soup she thought you might like."

So true is it, that go where we will, we cannot quite isolate ourselves from the sympathies, the requirements and the good offices given and received of our fellow-creatures.

At first, these interruptions were a great vexation to Wakefield, but at length he became rather interested in his poor neighbors, and the wood would be chopped, and the shilling lent, or the soup accepted with equal good will. *Finally*, he grew so accustomed to the noise around him, that he ceased to hear it at all.

And now if he sat before his writing-desk unable to concentrate his thoughts upon the subject in hand, it was not because a little Bedlam raved without, but because the thronging memories of the past crowded all else from his mind. He knew that *she* was in New York. He had not directly or indirectly sought her presence, yet he had seen her, and the beautiful fair brow and starry eyes seemed ever bending over him. It had not needed that vision to revive her vision; that bright presence had never for an instant faded from that constant heart. He too believed in the *eternal marriage* of souls destined to each other; but it is a wasting of the vital energies in man to try to live only upon abstractions, however bright. There were times when for one warm clasp of Vivia's thrilling hand, he would have foregone a hundred years of that far-off eternal union. *He sat now feeding upon the memories of the past*, recalling his first vision of her on that bright spring morning, recollecting how, after that, he kept incessant watch for the little red mantle—how he looked for it in all possible and impossible places—how often in the autumn, when roving through the hills and glens, a burning bush, or an oak sapling in the distance would become the ignis fatuus to lead him a long chase after the little red mantle, that, after all, when it came to him, would come *unexpectedly*. Then, the after years, when his heart awoke to the one grand passion of his life—when he hastened after fame and *riches that he might purchase approach to something like* equality with her—the agony of impatience he suffered then, lest his youth should pass, or she be married before he should gain those distinctions without which he dreaded to approach her. Then, when fame and the promise of fortune was his, for a while, and he laid them at her feet, the discovery of his tremendous mistake! Here he dropped his head upon his desk and groaned—the old agony had returned and bowed him down. She seemed infinitely removed from him. How long he remained bent beneath that passioned storm that surged over and over his soul cannot be computed by minutes, or hours, for the spirit knows neither time nor space. A voice sweeter than the music of the spheres roused him.

"Wakefield—"

Hark! oh, for the love of heaven, let this be no illusion of sudden madness! he dared not break the spell by moving; his very breath was suspended, his whole soul listened!

"Wakefield, look at me; I am your wife, if you will take me."

She had come to him as she had ever come in the moment of his greatest need; she was standing at his side; so was speaking to him in the queenly purity of her soul.

"Vivia! oh, Vivia!" he exclaimed, and started up, opened his arms, and with one great heart-sob of joy, pressed her to his bosom—for a moment thus, and then relaxing his clasp, he sank down in his chair, ghastly pale, nearly swooning.

"Do you blame him, friend, for weakness?
'Twas his strength of passion drew him."

Vivia's usually calm face was flushed and tearful—she stood leaning on the table, for an instant, until Wakefield, quickly recovering his presence of mind, started up and placed her in the only chair, and sank half kneeling by her side, saying—"There, lady, there, and thus let us talk—oh, Vivia!"

Their "talk," alas! though it was the utterance of the truest, holiest hearts that ever throbbed in human bosoms, will scarcely bear repetition—it was like the conversation of all friends and lovers long severed and suddenly meeting, exclamatory, fragmentary, and almost as incoherent as their emotions were tumultuous. At last, when an hour of each other's society had some what calmed their souls, Wakefield said "I do not ask you, dear Vivia, to what this blessed change in your purpose is to be attributed. You perceive that I only accept and rejoice in it."

"Well, though *you do* not inquire, I will explain, you are entitled to an explanation. It is not I who am changed, dear Wakefield, but yourself; my resolution waited only on your change."

"*Yes*, I am changed," answered Wakefield, glancing with a sarcasm that was *free from* bitterness upon his threadbare coat, and thin, half transparent hands.

"Gloriously!" said Vivia, earnestly, "*for now* you serve not the time, not fame, nor popularity, nor any other form of selfishness, but the Lord, the truth and humanity. I always knew that the day would come when fame and all the rewards she brings in her train, would weigh nothing in the balance with freedom of thought and speech, in the cause of good and truth. The day came sooner than I thought, blessed be the Lord! You have not hesitated to immolate all your earthly goods upon this holiest of altars."

"Pause, dear Vivia; I would not be ready to over-rate my sacrifice. Tried by spiritual laws it was no sacrifice at all. Dearest Vivia, the *suppression* of the truth that burned in *my* heart would have tortured me more than any persecution the world has power to inflict upon me for *its expression*. There was little merit, then, in choosing the lesser evil. When the test of moral heroism is applied to me, may I not be wanting!"

Vivia took the two thin hands he extended, and pressed them against her bosom, saying, rapidly and fervently—

"Whatever trial comes, you will not be wanting. But I wish to tell you, dear Wakefield, why, when I first returned to New York, and heard of the beautiful truth and integrity of your life, I did not come to you at once as I have come this morning. It was not that I waited for you to present yourself again to me. Well did I know that, after what passed at our last interview, you would not do so. I knew that I must come to you; but then a thousand womanly shynesses, unknown before, troubled me; spite of all reason and justice, my cheek burned and my heart shrank before the step I was about to take. I, *even I*, was tempted to think that even you might misinterpret my act; that you might think my visit unmaidenly or presumptuous, or something else that it was not and could not be."

"That I—that I could have such disloyal thoughts of you, my queen, my lady! that I might have perished the day that such could have intruded upon me! No, no! No, no! No, Vivia, no! In my saddest days of resentment, no unworthy thought dared to enter my mind. But why should I deny it, when the very idea that such a denial is or ever could be *necessary* is altogether insdmissable."

"Ah! well—all these doubts and hesitations—unwonted guests in my bosom—were turned out at last by the simple integrity of my purpose, and I am by your side, dear Wakefield."

"God bless you and preserve you, my own Vivia!"

"But I must tell you about our little Theodora. She has a cottage and a studio. You know she had a picture on exhibition. She sold it advantageously, and wept over the proceeds of the sale because I would not allow her to come and divide it with her old playmate, as in times past he divided fruit or nuts, to their season, with her. You have not a truer or tenderer-hearted friend in the world than my little Theodora."

"And Austin? have they met—will she comfort him?"

"Austin has injured his better nature, and Theodora shrinks from him. Yet I hope that Austin's aberration is but temporary, and I mean that she shall save him. The sun has set, dear Wakefield. Will you take up your hat now and walk with me to Theodora's cottage, which is my present home, and spend the evening with me? How our reunion will delight her affectionate heart!"

"But—a little longer—we cannot talk in these horrible streets; give me a few moments more, while we arrange our future. How long, dear Vivia, how long?" he entreated, detaining her hand as she was about to tie her bonnet.

"I will change my name for yours just as soon as you please, or as some little preparations can be completed that shall not take many days. *I have a preference* to receive the wedding benediction in the little Gothic chapel of St. Genevieve, and at the hands of Father Francis, and in the company of our friends there. You would also desire the presence of your mother and sisters. Therefore, perhaps, I had better take my little Theodora and go down to Sunset Hills. You will follow just as soon as you please."

"Why may I not escort you down, dear Vivia?"

"You may do so if you please, but now—" said Vivia, drawing her mantle around her, "it is time to escort me *home*."

The exquisite little cottage parlor was lighted up with that subdued, half light that artists love, and the fairy little tea-service was laid when Vivia reached the vine-shaded portico, and rang the bell. Theodora herself opened the door, and greeted her friend with the accustomed kiss; but when Vivia said,

"There is another with me," and Wakefield stepped forward, an exclamation of sincerest joy broke from the lips of Theodora, as she offered both her hands, and warmly clasped those of Wakefield, saying,

"Oh, Wakefield, I am so—so glad to see you, that I cannot even call you to account for not coming before—dear Wakefield!"

And after drawing him into the passage, she fluttered away, and in an instant laid another plate and napkin, that on entering he might find three already laid, and then she fluttered back again, in the same joyous, agitated way, and conducted them to the parlor.

It was a very happy evening; during its progress, the programme of their journey into the country was arranged. At a comparatively early hour, however, Wakefield thought proper to withdraw. Vivia attended him to the door.

"Our little Theodora is very lovely, but she is thin and pale," said Wakefield.

"Ah, yes! but that last is only since her return home. Austin's dereliction has wounded her more deeply than even the fact of his marriage did. Then she thought that she had lost him only for this earth, now she thinks she is in danger of losing him here and hereafter. She has never spoken of this, but I know it. You will assist me to bring Austin to his senses."

"If his affection for that lovely girl will not bring him right, nothing will, and I give him up."

"*Nay*, nay! Stretch out your hand—clasp him with a strong clasp—I would rather see a friend die than so fall!"

So they parted for the evening, Vivia returning to Theodora, and Wakefield to his poor chamber, to glorify it with the most beautiful and happy dreams that ever visited the heart of an accepted lover.

Theodora lay awake all that night, pondering. Those few years of farming and housekeeping had been of service to her, in giving a somewhat practical turn to a once too visionary mind. And the problem she had awaken to resolve was simply this—"Wakefield wants money; his wardrobe needs replenishing; he will wish to make some wedding preparations; how will he do it without funds? and how is he to get funds? that is the question!" Vivia, in her sublime indifference to such things, will never think of this! will rebuke me if I bring it to her mind. She will simply, without a single reservation, or a moment's thought of what she does, confer her whole estate, as she confers herself, upon her husband, at the altar. So it must be my business. Now how shall I get my little deposit at the bank into the hands of Wakefield, without affronting or insulting him? that's the *first* question!"

And the poor girl revolved this in her head, in the vain endeavor to solve it, or to sleep.

And early in the morning Theodora arose, pale and nervous, but eager and excited, hurriedly made her toilet, and put on her bonnet, and like a little conspirator as she was, with herself alone, stealthily left the house, and walked until she met the earliest down omnibus, which she hailed and entered.

After a ride of two miles, she pulled the check string, and got out in front of the establishment of a well-known publisher and bookseller. Mr. B——, the head of the firm, was acquainted with Theodora. She inquired for him, and was fortunate in finding him in his office. She requested a private interview, and immediately opened her business.

"You are acquainted with Mr. Wakefield Brunton, the author and lecturer?"

"Yes, madam, though we have lost sight of him in late years."

"Well, he lives at No. — Catherine street. I wish you would be so kind as to purchase the copyright of a volume of manuscript miscellanies that he has by him."

The publisher smiled at the apparent simplicity of his visitor, as he answered,

"Really, madam, we would be very happy to oblige you, but such books as that you propose are quite a drug in the market."

"Oh, yes, I know! you don't understand me. I wish you only to be my agent in purchasing the manuscripts from the author. I want them for myself. I wish to read them and to illustrate them with my pencil. You need not publish them; though perhaps in the future I may find a publisher for them."

While she spoke, Mr. B—— was looking at her eager, animated face with as much interest as politeness permitted.

"And how much are you prepared to offer?"

Without speaking, Theodora took a pen and wrote a check for five hundred dollars—it was the whole of her little deposit."

"I want you, if you will be so very obliging, as not to give him *this* check; but as soon as the bank is open, get it cashed and take him the money for the manuscript."

"Ah! and you wish—"

"*To remain unsuspected* in this transaction—therefore *my* signature should not be seen on the check."

"But, my dear lady, this is probably ten times the worth of the papers."

"Now, I do not know that."

"Be assured of it, then; and if you wish to assist this young man—"

"I wish to possess the manuscript, sir, as I said. As for pecuniary assistance, Mr. Wakefield Brunton will soon be independent of that."

Delicacy forbade more questions or expostulations. Theodora, after making a few purchases as an excuse for her morning ride, returned home with a triumphant heart, resolved to work very hard to replenish her empty coffers.

In the course of that day, Wakefield received a visit from Mr. B——, and thanked Providence for a most unexpected windfall at the hour of his greatest necessity.

Their preparations for departure were soon made, and Vivia and Theodora, attended by the elderly lady who had matronized them in Europe, and escorted by Wakefield, departed for Maryland; and in due time, arrived at Sunset Hills. I shall pass over the joy of the meeting with their friends, and leave to the imagination of my young readers, the details of the marriage that took place, as had been arranged, at the little gothic chapel of the convent of St. Genevieve, in the presence of the pale but tranquil Abbess and her nuns, and of their own family party, Theodora and Austin acting as attendants, and Father Francis as the officiating priest.

There was but one little cloud over the marriage festival that followed. This was occasioned by the shy, reserved deportment of Theodora; she in every possible way, sought to avoid Austin, who, with the tell-tale indices of excess upon his countenance, still visibly resented that avoidance. But as Austin left the neighborhood the morning after the marriage, the cloud soon vanished.

Vivia and Wakefield took Theodora back to her *city cottage* and studio, and then, unattended, they made a short bridal tour. After an absence of four weeks they returned again to New York, and sought out Theodora, intending to take her with them to spend Christmas at their home in the country. They found her at her cottage, but so pale and thin that they were seriously alarmed; and the next day Vivia went alone to see her.

"Oh! my little Moon, after seeing your sphere so full and rounded, must I behold you on the wane again? What is it now?"

No answer.

"Well! what have you been doing? anything at your art?"

"No, nothing, nothing! I cannot paint! inspiration, life, purpose—all are gone—are gone!"

"But why—why?"

"Oh, Austin! Austin! if I had come home and found him dead, I could have borne it; nay, if I had found him married a second time, I could have borne it too! but to see him so fallen! so fallen! oh! wretched tongue of mine to speak that word of him! Vivia! you know that I have suffered, and have borne suffering with some fortitude—but this, oh! *this* has struck the very sensorium of my being, and my heart and frame seem breaking, Vivia—seems caving in for the want of a supporting hope!"

"Take hope of me! Austin *shall* be redeemed! Believe it! believe it! Have faith! By faith you shall remove mountains, cure diseases, cast out devils, raise the dead. *FAITH IS THE SECRET OF ALL POWER.*"

And Vivia pressing a kiss upon the brow of her friend, left her to seek an interview with Austin, whose arrival at the Astor House she had seen by the morning's papers. She drove thither immediately, and requested to be shown into Mr. Malmaison's parlor. She found Austin in his dressing-gown and slippers, seated in an easy-chair by a table, before the fire, solacing himself with a cigar, a glass of brandy and water, and a political pamphlet. On hearing the lady announced, he started up, threw away his cigar, blushed for his brandy and water, and exhibited other such signs of confusion.

"Resume your chair, dear Austin," said Vivia, calmly seating herself, and adding—"I came this morning, to ask you to go with me, to-morrow, to see our little Theodora."

Austin folded his wrapper over his knees, leaned back in his chair, and answered, mockingly,

"I cannot do so. She declines to receive me."

"As a *visitor*, yes! for she is living alone and must be very discreet; but as a *sitter*, and accompanied by me, she will have no scruple in receiving you. Come, Austin, I wish you to give Theodora a commission to paint your portrait for me—for I should like to possess *your portrait by her*, as the souvenir of you both."

"*Us both!* Well, dear Vivia, I perceive your kind intervention, and I accept it with thanks! Yes! I will try again. Though I have been repulsed by that lady, with sufficient emphasis, I will not despair. I suppose a man may submit with grace, to that which he knows he well deserves!"

And repentally when he knows that the merited rebuke pains her who administers far more deeply than him who receives it."

"You think it gives her pain to deny herself to me?"

"It breaks her heart!"

Austin paused in deep thought, with his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Dear Vivia," he said at last; "did you ever see a person with the rapture of a rapid descent upon him, unable to stop him self?"

"*No!* Nor are you one of these! You have the power to *stop yourself* when and where you will! but—shall I consider the appointment for to-morrow morning made?"

"Yes—yes, by all means!"

Then get a carriage, and call for me at ten," said Vivia, rising to take leave.

The engagement was so well kept by both parties, that at half-past ten they were set down before Theodora's cottage. Theodora received Austin with that cold and reserved manner that she could not alter; but she bowed acceptance to the summons that was proffered her, and fixed the next day, at ten, for the first sitting.

The visitors then took leave.

"You see how she treats me," said Austin, in a voice of anguish, as soon as they found themselves alone in the carriage.

"And yet her true heart is breaking. You know why! You can change all that. And you will do it."

Austin made a secret resolution, that while sitting for his portrait, he would be temperate in all things.

Theodora was an excellent, but not a rapid painter. The portrait, she said, could not be completed under six sittings, and she preferred eight. Austin thought within himself that he was willing to give sixteen, or six hundred, if it would only secure her presence. Either Vivia, or Wakefield, or both accompanied Austin in each of his visits to the studio. And one thing was noticeable, that, whether it was from abstinence, or from the refining society and circumstances in which, day after day, he found himself, or from both these causes combined,—but is certain that Austin's countenance began gradually to lose those marks of excess that had so marred his grace, and to recover something of the old clearness and intellectuality. Theodora's reserve, on the contrary, had continued unbroken. There were eight sittings, occupying, in all, a fortnight. At the close of the last, Theodora announced that the sittings were over; but that she should have to retain the portrait for a few days, to give such finishing touches as time and memory should suggest, before exhibiting the work to the eyes of her friends.

"Then we must govern our impatience for a few days longer," said Wakefield, rising.

Austin said he supposed so, and prepared to take leave.

"You two gentlemen may avail yourselves of the carriage. I shall remain with Theodora until the afternoon. I will meet you at dinner, dear Wakefield."

The "two gentlemen" bowed, and retired, and Vivia was left alone with her friend.

"Has Austin yet seen his portrait, dear Theodora?"

"No; no one has seen it."

"I am glad of that. You know that one of the uses of art is—"

"Redeeming! Yes, *I know*."

"Let me look at your portrait of Austin."

Theodora turned the canvas towards her friend.

"You have spiritualized this."

"Have I? I could not help it."

"I do believe you; you not only see your subjects spiritually, but you see them at their very best! You see only the divine side of their dual nature. And you are very right! To shew a man what he ought to be, is to show him what he may be. Ah! what might not our Austin have been!"

Theodora turned the canvas once more towards the light and took up her brush. And while Vivia spoke of Austin and of the glorious promise of his youth, yet to be redeemed, the infinite possibilities yet before him, the young artist's heart began to glow and to communicate its fire to her cheeks and eyes; her gaze grew upon the picture before her, and though she touched it but seldom, at each stroke the portrait responded with a higher life, as if her wondrous pencil possessed the power of psychologizing the dead canvas.

"It is done," she said at last, and sank half fainting in the arms of Vivia.

The next day Austin received notice that the portrait was finished and ready to be removed from the studio. He came, accompanied as usual by Vivia and Wakefield. When they entered the studio they found Theodora there, alone. The portrait still seated upon the easel, and the artist stood at its side with her arm thrown up over her work, and her head reclined as though in weariness or dejection. She looked up and bowed as they came forward, but seemed incapable of changing her position. They stood before the work in silence. It was at once a perfect likeness, such as would have been recognized by any one who had ever seen the original, and a highly spiritualized picture. A rush of strong feeling darkened and the pale face of the erring man who stood before it, and in a deep and thrilling voice, heard only by one, he said, *"It is what I aspired to be!"* and hurried away to a distant window to govern or conceal his emotion.

When after a few moments he returned to the easel, he found that Vivia and Wakefield had withdrawn to the adjoining parlor. Theodora remained in the same attitude. Her look of extreme paleness and powerless dejection, smote him again to the heart. Dropping on one knee at her side, he took her hand and said:—

"Theodora, my angel girl, have faith in me. I know, I know, that my faults have nearly broken your loving heart; but I am changed from this hour; put me on no longer probation, dear girl, but take me as I am; and I pledge myself in the sight of the Lord, never, never, to do anything to cause that gentle heart of yours a pain. Can you place that confidence in me?"

For the answer, she turned with a deep smile beaming through her falling tears, and placed both hands in his.

Well! Theodora accompanied Vivia and Wakefield to their beautiful home at Sunset Hills, to spend with them the Christmas holidays. And early in the New Year, there was another wedding at the little chapel of St. Genevieve. And now another Mrs. Malmaison lives at Mount Storm, and that is our little Theodora, who rules lady of the mansion where once she suffered—a poor, neglected little orphan. Her relatives, the Garnets, are never heard from. The head of that exemplary family, is supposed to be speculating in California. Miss Nelly Parrot is still the permitted family goblin of Sunset Hills; but like every other "department" of that establishment, she is kept in tolerable order by the governing skill of old Mrs. Brunton. The Abbess Agatha, tranquil in her declining years, still presides at the Convent. And Father Francis continues to direct the neighboring seminary. *They are waiting.*

And Vivia is ever the medium of animating, sustaining, or redeeming life, to all within her sphere, and when one asked the secret of her power, she answered boldly—

"FAITH."

☞ The most solemn of beasts, says an ancient proverb, is an ass—and the most solemn of men is an ass, also.

☞ Habit in a child is at first like a spider's web—if neglected, it becomes a thread or twine; next a cord or rope; finally a cable; and who can break it?

☞ Mr. Albert Smith once wrote in an hotel-visitor's book his initials "A. S." A wag wrote underneath, "Two-thirds of the truth."

☞ "Laudlord," said an exquisite, "can you enable me to realize from your culinary stores the pleasure of a few dulcet murphies, rendered innocuous by igneous martyrdom?"

☞ Man is a wonderful creature to sup. He can supply, sup-plant, sup-plicate, sup-pose, sup-press, sup-port, sup-sup, and sup-on.

Our children, are held fast in truth and right;
Ran runs like the venereal thorn from sight;
Man sows the seed, but 'tis the harvest hour
Proclaims a silent, dark, mysterious power.
—*Josephine Orne.*

☞ Long life does not consist in many years, but in the period being filled with good services to our fellow beings. He whose life ends at thirty may have done much, while he who has reached the age of one hundred may have done little.—*Long Lawrence.*

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
No. 71 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Mutton.	
Rousting pieces lb	10@12	Leg, Loin, Chops lb	12@
Sirloin Steak	10@12	Breast and Neck	7
Rump	10@12	Side carcass	9@10
Chuck pieces	10@12	Veal.	
Plates and navels, c'cut	6@8	Fore quarter lb	8
Tongues, fresh, each	75@87	Hind do	11
Leg, each	12½@16	Chop	12½
Liver lb	25 cts	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	5@12	Sweetbread, each	18½
Lever lb	12½	Pork.	
Dried Beef lb	20	Young Pigs, each	@12½@18¾
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	10@12½
Fore quarter	$1@6	Spare Ribs do	12½@15
Hind do	25	Trips lb	4 a 6
Leg do	14@16	Sausage do	12@16
Calves Head, each	62½	Hams Smoked	12@14
		Bologna Sausage	18 a 20
POULTRY		Ox Gang.	
Turkeys each	$1 50 a 2 00	Blackbirds doz	25 a 50
Ducks pr	75 a 1 25	Red do	50 a 62
Chickens pr pr	50 a 1 00	Reedbird do	62@75
Old do	1 00 a 1 50	Robins do	25 a 31
Spring do do	75 a 1 25	Small Snipe doz	37½
Frogs doz	25 a 37		
SHELLFISH.			
Soft Shell Crabs dz	$1 37½ a 2 00	Scrapple pan	6 00 a 12 00
Hard do	25 a —	Oysters, Absecom.	
Green Turtle lb	12 a 16	by quart	37 a 50
Oysters pr	50 a 62	by thousand	$6 a 10 00
Shrimps, qt	37½@50	New York do, do,	25 —
		Chesa'k	$1 00 a 2 50
Fish.			
Halibut	10 a 12	Rock	8 a 10
Bass	8	Perch bunch	12½ a 25
Herring	4 a 5	Trout	8 a 12½
Flounders	6 a 8	Eels	8 a 12
Cod	8	Hard Shad lb	12
Black Fish	8	" Mackerel	12
Sturgeon lb	6@8	Dry Cod	4 a 6
		Spanish Mackerel bunch	62
Fruit.			
Peaches basket	$1 12½@50	Wild Cherries qt	10 a 12½
Do bbl pk	25 a 50	Plums qt	12½ a 25
Wild cherries each	10 a 50	Grapes qt	6 a 8
Do hundred	6@8	Apples per basket	37½@1 00
Citrons each	6 a 10	Do bbl pk	25 a 50
Do basket	25 a 37	Pears basket	37½ a 75
Watermelons each	6@12	Do bbl pk	6 a 25
Quinces, basket	$1@50 —	Apricots qt	12½@25
Do bbl pk	37 a 50		
Vegetables.			
Tomatoes bbl	25 a 37	New Potatoes	3 a $1 50
Do bbl pk	6 a 8	Do bbl	62 a 75
String beans bbl	12½ a 25	Do bbl pk	12½ a 25
Do bbl pk	6@8	Sw't Potatoes bbl	50@75
Squashes doz	25 a 50	Do bbl pk	12½ a 25
Turnips bbl	37½ a 50	Onions bunch	$1@1 00
Beets bunch	6 a 8	Do bbl pk	12½ a 25
Cabbage	$1 00 a 1 50	Corn by doz	6 a 12½
Do head	4 a 10	Do doz	6 a 12½
Celery bunch	6 a 12	Lima Beans qt	12½ a 16
Salad bunch	2 a 4	Pickles basket	37½ a 62
Parsley bunch	2 a 4	Carrots doz	12½
Parsnips bbl	37½ a —	Cucumbers hdt	25 a 50

The supplies were well supplied during the past week with Beef and Vegetables, and the latter are rather lower. Poultry is unchanged. Fishare also in good supply, and prices are moderate. Peaches comparatively very high. Cheese is less plenty, and sells at 10@12½ cts per lb. Butter is selling at 25@31 per lb, and Eggs at 18 cts per dozen.

NEW YORK MARKET.

FLOUR, &c. The market is easier for State and Western extra Flour of low grade, these are comparatively nearly good nominal. The trade is confined to the wants of the home markets, as the purchases are generally limited below the current prices. The sales are 10,000 bbls, including 3,000 bbls prior to good State; $4,900@5,70 for extra States; $6,10@6,50 for superfine; $5,30@5,60 for Upper Lake; $5,30@6,00 for superfine Ohio; $5,30@5,50 for common to fair Ohio; $5,40@6,00 for fair to very good extra Ohio; $6,60@7 for St Louis brands, and $6,50@6,75 for Genesee.

Canadian Flour is rather more plenty, and in fair demand; sales of 1,000 bbls at $5,30@5,50 for superfine, and $6,20@6,50 for extra brands. Southern Flour is in moderate demand at 5 @10c higher; sales of 600 bbls at $6,10@6,50 for fair to good Baltimore, and $6,50@7,50 for mixed to good superfine do; also 300 bbls at $7,50@8,50 for fancy, favorite, family, and extra brands. Rye Flour is steady at $5,25@5,37½ for fine and superfine; Corn Meal is inactive at $5,75@5,87½ for Jersey.

GRAIN—There is less doing in Wheat, and prices are 2@3c lower, the heaviness is due to the receipt of 30,000 bushels; sales are 7500 bushels fair to choice White Southern at $1,53@1,62; and 50,000 bushels Red Southern at $1,48@1,52. There is a good new 2000 bushels Chicago spring at private terms; 2000 bushels Red Indiana at $1,46; 22c bushels Red Illinois at $1,50, and 30,000 bushels mixed Southern at $1,50@1,52. Rye is in good demand; sales of 27,000 bushels at 95@96c for Western mixed; closing for Southern Yellow at 98c@$1 in cargoes.

COFFEE—There has been very little doing in any description, and prices are unchanged. The sales are 1,000 bags Rio, and 500 bags Laguayra.

SUGARS—The market continues excited and buoyant; the trade are not buying liberally, but the demand is quite active. Further sales have been made of 700 Muscovadoes, ex Seneca, at 8½c; 400 do Cuba Muscovado at 8½c; 1,000 boxes ex Chesapeake at 9½c; less 4 per cent. for cash, repeating but Holder; and 100 Hds Porto Rico on terms not made public.

MOLASSES—There is nothing to notice; prices are fully supported of New Orleans and Texas, while foreign being in better demand. Sales of 200 bbls at 34c for Muscovado, in small stock, and in form at 32@33c. Cuba, in bbls and hhds, at 30@31c. Sales of 150 bbls Porto Rico at 30c, and 200 do at 29c.

CORN MEAL—Small sales are making of country at $3a $3,20; Penn do $3,25 @ $3,50.

PROVISIONS—Beef is dull. Sales of 300 bbls Country at $9,50@10 for mess; $11@11,50 for prime mess, and $13@14 for extra prime. Prime Mess Beef is nominal. Pork is dull and heavy. Sales of 1,000 bbls at $16,50@17 for mess; $14@14,50 for prime mess, and $19@20 for extra prime. Lard is dull and heavy; sales of 100 bbls at 9½@9¾c.

BUTTER—The market continues steady, and prices are 2@3c lower. Sales of 1,000 bbls at 17@21c for inferior to prime Western, and 23@25c for Ohio. Cheese is active, and with a small stock prices are firmly supported.

Sept. 22.—Flour is declining; 3500 bbls sold; State $4,30@4,90; Ohio $5,00@5,40; Southern $5,00@5,25. Wheat is also declining; 20,000 bush. sold; red $1,45; Southern white $1 50@1,52; Western $1,48@1,50; white $1,50@1,53. Corn declining; 5000 bush. sold; yellow 67½@68c. Pork buoyant at $20,75. Beef steady. Lard firm. Whiskey upward; sales at 30@31.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

ALLERTON'S prices to Beef Cattle declined 1@c lb. Owing to the great supply, than any falling off in the demand. The market opened with a large number of Cattle were disposed of before the drovers could in many instances, be weighed. Sheep and Lambs, with the exception of the above description were selling to the butchers, the above description were selled to by the seller, the day, with the probability, even then, of not doing so well. The offerings were mostly of an ordinary quality, though with a great many fine. Prices in retail were firmer than last week, and were calculated to excite the sensibilities of the most inveterate grumbler. The supply was large, the most of the arrivals came from Ohio and Illinois, with a goodly number from this State and Kentucky. Prices ruled as the yards as at or Texas Cattle, those which were of an average quality realized from 5c per pound. Milch Cows remain without material change in prices, and sales were made at $30@60 each, according to the choice of the offering. Demand fair. The supply of Veal Calves was large, and prices ruled low. Sheep and Lambs, full prices were realized, the choicest selling as high as 7½c @ 8c for the most. Sheep and Lambs sold extremely well, notwithstanding the large number of the latter arriving during the entire Session.

The following were the sales of the week:—

3,210 Beef Cattle		@8½@9	
26 Cows and Calves		$40@60	
310 Veal Calves		3@7c	
1,322 Sheep and Lambs		3@8c	

PRICES—Beef Cattle, extra quality, 9c per lb; $100@8,50 do good quality, $8,00@9,00; do common, $6,50@7,50; inferior, $7,00@8,00. Cows and Calves, extra, $60@70; do good, $45@55; do common, $30@40. Sheep and Lambs, $2,50@6,00. Veal Calves, Swine, 5@6c.

The following table shows from what part of the country and by what conveyance the supplies came:

By the Hudson River boats,	Beeves	350
" "	Swine	100
By the Harlem Railroad,	Beeves	104
" "	Veal Calves	104
" "	Sheep and Lambs	1022
" "	Veal Calves	1020
By the Hudson River Railroad,	Beeves	3000
" "	Swine	400
By the Erie Railroad,	Beeves	1100
" "	Swine	200

AT BROWNING'S—577 Beef Cattle, $7,50@8,50; 27 Cows and Calves, $45@60; 1,300 Sheep and Lambs, 5@7½c.

AT HARLEM LANES—311 Beef Cattle, $7,50@10,00; 23 Cows and Calves, $45@60; 135 Calves, 6@7c.

AT O'BRIEN'S—122 Beeves, $7,50@8,50; 38 Cows and Calves, $27@60; 40 Veal Calves, 5@6½c.

RECAPITULATION.

	Beeves	Cows and Calves	Veal Calves	Sheep and Lambs
Allerton's	3,210	26	310	1322
Browning's	577	27	105	1647
Harlem's	310	67	122	1031
O'Brien's	122	38	63	—
Total	4,151	164	614	14,352

BALTIMORE MARKET.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Flour has further given away in price under recent European news. Recent sales, exciting but little interest, at 5@10c below the rates of last week, to express the market. At the reopening of Chicago, a sale of 100 bbls Howard street at $6,493, and subsequently 1000 do at $6,75, including 500 do of the same brand for Southern deliveries. Sales has also declined, with sales of 1200 bbls at $6,50, a decline of 12½@25c from last week. We quote Howard street at $6,75 nominally. No sales since. Charles.

FAMILY AND EXTRA FLOUR—We quote Baltimore Howard street at $6,75@7 per bbl, and Howard and Ohio extra $7,25@7,50. A sale of 100 bbls Howard street extra at $7,37½.

RYE FLOUR—Demand moderate. We quote at $4,87½@4,50 per bbl.

CORN MEAL—Small sales are making of country at $3a $3,20; Penn do $3,25 @ $3,50.

WHEAT—There was a steady demand. Millers bought freely. About 16,000 bushels offered and sold at 160c for fair quality of white; good to prime $1,65@1,70; fair to good red $1,50@1,60; prime do $1,65@1,70; fair to prime Southern $1,60@1,70.

CORN—There were 18,000 bus offered and sales of white at 86@—very choice 87c; yellow 86@86½c; mixed 85@86c. Sales of 12,000 bus mixed at 86c, and 7,000 do at 87c.

OATS—Sales of 2000 bus offered and sales of good to prime at 54@56c @ bus.

RYE—Sales of 2000 bus offered. No sales. We quote Maryland at 92@93c; Pennsylvania classes as to quality.

PROVISIONS—Small sales of Clover at $6,75@7, and Timothy $1,75 @ 2 bus.

WHISKEY—The market is steady. Sales of 150 barrels City at 30c. Sales of 300 bbls Ohio at 30c. Sales of bbls Pennsylvania at 30c. Some sales also of Ohio at 33½@34c per gal.

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET.

The receipts of Beef Cattle continue large. There were some 2,500 head on sale, of which a number of sales were driven away. Some were left over, and the balance (about

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, September 22, 1856.

...on operations in Dry Goods have been more extensive, ...ing the past week, with both the Commission and Jobbing trade. Most of the heavy Western buyers, however, have completed their purchases, but there is a fair business doing in the season in all departments of the trade. There is no ...ential variation to note in the market; fine bleached Cottons ...offered more freely, and prices favor the buyer. Prints, ...pt good styles, are also less firm but heavy. Brown and ...ached Goods are steady. In Woolens there is nothing new, ...t desirable styles sell well. In the foreign markets business ...s generally has been rather inactive; the late foreign news ...s deprived and unsettled the prices of Breadstuffs, and most ...ds have a downward tendency, with moderate transactions. ...tion is held more firmly under the news, but the demand is ...derate. Bark continues scarce, at a further advance. Coal ...d Iron are unchanged but firm, with a fair business to notice. ...ssels are wanted at full prices, but the difference in the ...ys of delivery, limits operations. Lumber, in Provisions, ...e sections was mostly in a retail way, at about previous ...es. Hemp, Hides, and Leather, are quiet, for the want of ...ck. Lumber has been more active, without change in rates. ...nd Staves and Oils are moving off, as wanted, at about pre...us quotations. Rice is in better demand. Seeds have be...me quiet. Whiskey is bringing better prices, and the tone is ...re firmly held, in the tendency, if anything, being upward. ...r articles, there are no important changes, since the close ...st week.

...SHES. The market is bare of Pots, which are wanted at ...7 1/2 for 1st No. Pearls are quiet.

...ARK—Quercitron has been in request, and scarce, at a ...ce of buyers, and several small lots, in about 30 hhds, taken ...arrival, at $28 per ton for No. 1. At the close buyers ...e holding off. Tanners' Bark is also scarce. Spanish has ...n sold at $14.5, and Chestnut Oak at $12 per cord.

...ON—Some 30 tons Swedes iron, just arrived, was sold ...mptly at about 7½ per lb.

...LOW WAX—Continues quiet, owing to the difference in ...ce of buyers and sellers, and we quote good yellow at ...@ per lb.

...ANILLES—There is more doing in Adamantine, and prices ...ge at 20@20½ per lb as to brand; a sale of 250 boxes D. ...an & Co's manufacture, was made on terms not public. ...ers are firm at 9@9½. Tallow remain quiet.

...OAL—Continues in fair demand, both for shipment and ...e use, and prices are fully sustained and firm. In Anthracite, there is nothing doing, and but little offering. The anthracite coal receipts from the Lehigh and Schuylkill ...nals, for the week just closed, and for the year, compare ...llows with the same period of last year:

FOR THE WEEK.	1855.	1856.
...igh Canal	42,343	39,614
...uylkill Canal	24,824	23,197
...ding Railroad	54,753	54,829
Total for week	120,920	125,020

FOR THE YEAR.	1855.	1856.	Decrease.
...igh Canal	206,451	211,516	5,065
...uylkill Canal	177,118	176,990	128
...ding Railroad	1,744,132	1,569,781	174,351
Total	2,127,701	1,958,287	169,414

...UPPER—Is steady, at 29@29c for Sheathing, and 29@30c for ...ew Metal, on the usual terms.

...OFFEE—There is a good feeling to notice in the market, ...the difference in the views of buyers and sellers are limited ...week's operations to some 400 bags, principally Rio, at ...10@10½c, as to quality, all on the usual terms. Prices at ...close are rather better.

...OTTON—The firmness of holders has had a tendency to ...e the demand, which has been to a moderate extent during the present week. The late foreign news, however, had ...e more buoyancy to the market, and prices at the close ...e an upward tendency. Sales, in all, reach about 700 bales, ...ices within the range of 10@10½c for Uplands, and 12 @12½c ...Sea Island terms.

...RUGS AND DYES—There is a fair business doing with ...ndle, but no large sales have come under our notice, and ...rket is generally unchanged.

...EATHERS—Continue scarce, and about 5000 lbs good West...n have been disposed of at 35c ₱ lb, and some small lots at ...ous figures.

...ISH—The market for Mackerel is firm, and large fish ...e, with a fair business doing, mainly from store at $19@...; ...s, $7@8 for 3's, and $5@6 for 2's of medium size; about ...s have been sold from the vessel on terms not public; 250 ...s Pickled Fish, 150 bbls Pickled Herring, and some boxes ...ed do have also been sold on landing at a private bargain. ...ed do are worth $2 the box for No. 1.

...FRUIT—The market continues bare of Foreign, and there ...s no selling doing. Domestic Fruit is plenty, and sales ...making at low prices.

...LOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour opened firm ...r the news from abroad, but subsequent advices have de...ed prices, which have declined fully 25c ₱ bbl since the ...e of last week; stocks and receipts continue light, but the ...nd is limited, and only some 500 bbls have been taken for ...ment, in lots, at $8.75@8.87½ for standard and good straight ...s; $8.50@8.7 for selected lots; including 150 bbls W. B. ...ss at the latter figure; 250 bbls Brandywine at $8.37½, about ...e extra family at $9.50@9.75, as to brand; 400 bbls fancy ...ily Flour at $10@10.50, and 400 bbls markings at $9.25@9.50 ...e to quality. Rye Flour is steady, with moderate sales at ...@6.75 for standard shipping brands; fancy brands ...ation prices have ranged as above, with moderate business ...g in the way of sales. Rye Flour continues very scarce, ...e small sales have been made at $3.50@3.75 ₱ bbl, ...ch latter is asked in advance. Corn Meal is about stationary, ...t quiet, and we quote 500 bbls Pennsylvania Meal have ...n sold at $3.44@3.5. Brandywine is held at $3.87½ ₱ bbl. ...nspections for the week ending the 13th inst, are 14,716 ...l Flour, 325 half bbls do, and 1716 bbls Corn Meal.

...AIN—The market for Wheat has been unsettled and ...ive during the greater part of the week, and prices at the ...e are 1@2 ₱ bus lower. Sales comprise some 40,000 ...s, at $2.51@2.53 for fair to prime Southern and Pennsylvania ...d reds, and $2.52@2.60 for white, as to quality. Buyers ...ow offer our lowest figures for red, and $2.50@2.55 for ...e. Rye continues scarce and in request, and prices have ...ced with sales of 4000 bushels to notice, in small lots, at ...c, closing at the latter figures. Corn advanced early in the ...k, but prices have since receded, and the week's sales ...e about 60,000 bus Southern and Pennsylvania yellow, at ...@ for prime to choice, and 80@85c for inferior, and 60@65c ...@ for white. We quote to-day at 85c for good yellow, afloat. Oats ...e about stationary, with further sales of some 10,000 bus at the ...e Southern and Susque for Pennsylvania Barley. Sales of ...e New Yorkers are reported at 81@82.

...RAIN—Continues stationary with about the usual business ...ing.

...WOOL—There is a fair inquiry from manufacturers, and ...ers are very firm in their views, the tendency of prices, if ...hing, being upward. The sales, however, have been limited, about 150,000 lbs, mostly low and medium grades, in small ...ts, within the range of quotations.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY J. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 108 Walnut Street.

Following were the precise quotations for Stocks on Monday. Market closing steady:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Phil Ger & Nor	32½	33½
per ct			Reading	42½	43½
"	122 1/16	—	" preferred	44½	45
"	117 1/2	—	Minehill	56	62
"	117½	—	Har & Lan	76	82
"	103½	—	Chester Valley	5	6
...s per ct	93½	94	Texas	12	—
" new	90	95½	" preferred	20	—
"	—	—	P W & Balt	77	82½
City 6 per ct	99	99½	Long Island	12½	13
5 per ct	74	75	CANAL STOCKS.		
" coupon	72½	73½	Schuyl Nav	12½	13
...ty 6 per ct	68½	70	" preferred	20	30
...ecurity	69½	70	Lehigh Nav	72	73½
...on R'RR's	52	55	Morris	14	14½
...n			" preferred	26½	28
...s "	85½	85½	C & Del	90	90½
" coupon	85	90½	Lewis	9½	9½
...s per ct	91	92½	Sus & Tidewater	17	17
" coupon	—	78	Wil'sport & Elmira	22	21
...s per ct	78	81	Catawissa	12½	14½
...ntury 6 per ct	100½	102½	BANK STOCKS.		
...s R'RR 6 per ct	104	105	North Amer	135½	136
...s " 6 per ct	97½	98	Penn	71	111½
Am R'RR 6 per ct	78½	81	Phila	134	136½
Mech Bk	103	—	Far & Mec	67½	68
& N R'RR	80	82	Commercial	73½	83½
...ing R'RR	85½	86½	N Liberty	80	84
Bk	19	21	Mechanics	97½	98½
...ern R'RR	90	95½	Southwark	72½	83
...R'RR	70	73	N Penn	60	65
...n R'RR	54	55	Kensington	67	70
...RR	56	57	Girard	114	115
...& Bal	—	—	Western	68	69
...s per ct	85½	87½	Man & Mech	90	93½
Bk	73½	75	Commerce	79	79
...ng "	71½	72	Tradesmen's	58	—
...ster "	94½	96	City	95	95½
"	95	96	Consolidation	96	98½
...n "	73	79½	Pittsburg	64	—
...ns "	45	45½	M & M Pitts	61	—
...ck "	64	64½	Keller Pitts	81	—
...& Elmira			Kentucky	109½	110
...rease	72½	73½	Northern, Ky	114	—
...ville "	89½	90½	Louisville, Ky	114½	114½
MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.			Farmers, Ky	103½	—
...chuylkill	13½	15	Union, N'sh, Tenn	99½	10½
...ster	83½	85	Planter's, Tenn	100	—
...ania	82½	84	Com & R'Vers	5	6½
...ania	14	14½	N O Gas Lt	120	—

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The offerings of Beef Cattle continue heavy, a large proportion of the receipts being from Virginia, and prices show a falling off of about 1 cent, the 10 lbs on the rates current last week; the market closing dull.

The sales at the Bull's Head New Drove Yard are reported as follows:

317	Virginia Cattle, sold by John Todd, at	Sales 6 the 100 lbs.	
38	do do do	do	6@6½ do
218	do do do	do Jno. Chancellor,	4 a 6½ gross.
210	do do do	do P. Rawlins,	4 a 6½ do
29	Chester Co Cattle, do	Scott & Kimball,	Sales the 100 lbs.
35	do do	do Hood & Co.,	6@6½ do
8	Va. and Pa. Cattle, do	Alex. Kimball,	6@6½ do
84	Chester Co. do	do Hacker & M'Fillan,	6@6½ do
100	Ohio Cattle,	do J. Gallagher,	6@6½ do
313	Virginia Cattle,	do J. Chapman,	6@6½ do
53	Delaware Co do	do do	6@6½ do

The sales at Strickland's Drove Yard were:

60 Ohio Cattle, by Abrams & Hickman, mid. at 6@6½ the 100 lbs.

40 Chester Co. Cattle, by Adam Rittenbaugh, at 6@6½ the 100 lbs.

110 Virginia Cattle, by Rittenbaugh & Strickland, poor, at 5@5½ the 100 lbs.

56 Ohio Cattle, by Charles Robbins, common, at 6@6½ the 100 lbs.

15 Ohio Cattle, by B Vanleer, middling, at 6@6½ the 100 lbs.

25 Virginia Cattle, by J. Ackman, very common, at 5@5½ the 100 lbs.

190 Virginia and Ohio Cattle, by different persons, mixed, at 6@6½ the 100 lbs.

Of Cows and Calves, the offerings consist of about 250, mostly at the Washington Drove Yard, Ridge Avenue. Sales ranged from $35 to $50 for fresh Cows; $20 to $25 for springers, and $18 to $25 for feeders. The market, at the close, was dull.

The arrivals of Hogs at Sergeant's Union Drove Yard were about 2400, mostly all of which were sold at from $7 25@7 50 the 100 lbs.

Of Sheep and Lambs, some 5000 were at market, and sales were made at $2 75@5 50 each for fat Sheep, $2 25@3 75 for stock do., and $2 50@4 for Lambs, as to condition.

Recapitulation of the week's sales, and where from:

	Beef Cattle.
Virginia,	924
Ohio,	581
Pennsylvania,	253
Total,	1464
Cows and Calves,	250
Hogs,	2400
Sheep and Lambs,	5000

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

At market—1206 Beef Cattle, 100 Stores, 13 pairs Working Oxen, 175 Cows and Calves, 2500 Sheep and Lambs, and 2400 Swine.

Prices—Market Beef, extra $8,5½; first quality $8,2½; second do do $7,75; third do $7,25; ordinary $6,5 ml.

Working Oxen—$165, 115, 120, 122@124.

Milch Cows—Sales at $53, 54, 53, 55, 55, 6 new.

Veal Calves—Sales at $5, 5,50, 6, and

Yearlings Steers. Two years old $20, and 3. Three years old $24, 3, 3, 3@34.

Hides—6c ₱ lb. Calf Skins 7½c ₱ lb. Tallow 10c ₱ lb; rough 8c ₱ lb. Pelts 75@90 each.

Sheep and Lambs—Extra and selections $4, 4,50, 5@6. By lot $1,50, 1,75, 2@3.

Swine—Sales wholesale at 6½c ₱ lb; at retail 7@8 ₱ lb; spring pig lot; fat hogs (undressed) still fed 6½c, and corn fed 6½c.

The whole number of cars over the Western Railroad was 345, loaded with Cattle, Sheep, and Swine.

Remarks—A large portion of the Beef Cattle at market are small, and the sales are dull. Larkin Wright sold 150 head of extra Western Cattle at 8½c ₱ lb.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 20 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, September 23, 1856.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solvent banks, par to ¼ dis	
Relief notes, ¼ dis	
NEW JERSEY.	
Solvent banks, par to ¼ dis	
Merch & Bridgeton, 20 dis	
Wheat Grower's & Newton, 16 dis	
DELAWARE.	
Solvent banks, par	
Under 5's, ¼ dis	
MARYLAND.	
Valley at Hagerstown, no sale	
Solvent banks, par to ¼ dis	
For. & Mech'k, Read Co, 90 dis	
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Exchange bk, 5% dis	
Solvent bks, ¼ dis	
NEW YORK.	
Solvent banks, par to ¼ dis	
5th Avenue bk, 5 dis	
Knickerbocker bk, 15 dis	
Farmers' bk, 25 dis	
Fr'k'n, Greenbush, 10 dis	
Mer & Mech bk, Oswego, 20 dis	
N'th'n, Buffalo, 20 dis	
Empire City bk, 15 dis	
Centreville, 15 dis	
MAINE.	
Solvent bks, ¼ dis	
Bk of Hallowell, 3 dis	
Calais bk, 15 dis	
Kennebeck bk, 25 dis	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solvent bks, ¼ dis	
VERMONT.	
Solvent bks, ¼ dis	
South Royalton bk, 2 dis	
CONNECTICUT.	
Solvent bks, ¼ dis	
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solvent bks, ¼ dis	
Grocers' & Boston, 1 dis	
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solvent bks, ¼ dis	
CANADA.	
Solvent bks, 1 dis	
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solvent bks, 1 dis	
GEORGIA.	
Solvent bks, ¼ dis	
New bks, 2 to 5 dis	
Bk of Milledgeville, no sale	
Atlanta, 50 dis	
Planters & Mechs Bank, Dalton, no sale	
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile, 11 dis	
Other interest bks, 5 dis	
MISSISSIPPI.	
All bks, uncertain	
LOUISIANA.	
Solvent bks, 11 dis	
OHIO.	
Solvent bks, 1 dis	
Bk of Cincinnati, 3 dis	
Canal Bk Cleveland, 5 dis	
City Bk Cleveland, 5 dis	
KENTUCKY.	
Solvent bks, 1 dis	
INDIANA.	
Solvent bks, 1 dis	
Free bks, 5 to 20 dis	
ILLINOIS.	
Solvent bks, 1 dis	
Quincy C of Co, 5 dis	
Railroad Bk, Shawneetown, 5 dis	
MISSOURI.	
Solvent bks, 1 dis	
TENNESSEE.	
Solvent bks, ¼ dis	
Small notes, ½ dis	
MICHIGAN.	
Solvent bks, 1 dis	
ARKANSAS.	
All bks, no sale	
WISCONSIN.	
Solvent bks, 1 dis	
TEXAS.	
Corp & Agriculture bk, Galveston, 10 dis	

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.

BURNHAM, PEDERREN & Co., Boston, Mass.

MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.

J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.

HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.

HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.

S. W. PEASE & Co., 12 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati.

S. RINGOLD, Louisville, Ky.

SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.

E. SEMON, Richmond, Virginia.

A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

MEDICAL IMPOSSIBILITIES.

For a long time a certain class of diseases has baffled the skill and practice of the most eminent members of the regular medical faculty. Foremost among these we might instance Epilepsy or Falling Fits. Happily now, by the skill and inventive genius of an eminent chemist of Baltimore, Md., this disease has been brought within the means of a cure. We allude to the preparation called the VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS, invented and prepared by SETH S. HANCE, of 103 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Since their discovery many persons who had given up all hope of ever being cured, have been restored to the full enjoyment of health. Prominent among these we might enumerate Mr. HARRISON LIGHTFOOT, of Huntsville, Ala. Mr. S. has suffered as much from epilepsy as any other person in the world, never knowing what it was to pass a week without having an attack, and often falling in the streets of Huntsville. He is now fully restored and has not had an attack for more than a year. Dr. HANCE's Pills have been the sure cause of this cure. These Pills also cure all modifications of Fits, Spasms, Cramps, &c., and are very serviceable for weak nerves. Dr. HANCE sends them to any part of the country on the receipt of a remittance. Price, one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $24. Address SETH S. HANCE, 103 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

A WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION will be held in the city of New York, on the 8th, 9th and 10th of October, at the Broadway Tabernacle. The names of Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell, and Mrs. Pauline Wright are signed to the call. The objects in view have reference chiefly to the procurements of all kinds of privileges to the feminine gender (pantaloons included.) Should they succeed in their efforts, we would advise them to procure their "inexpressibles," and other garments, from the beautiful store of Granville Stokes, No. 209 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

GREAT POLITICAL CHANGES.—We have heard recently of several political changes of the most startling character. Old and tried members of one political party have suddenly "bolted" and gone over to the opposition, but we have never yet heard of any case man changing his views respecting the merits of the garments gotten up at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 607 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

☞ PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.—In every town and village, for any number of young men, to sell Valuable Books, and to canvass for our Popular and Scientific Journals. *All who engage with us will be secured from the possibility of loss.* Profits very liberal. Please address, FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 BROADWAY, New York. sep27-tf

A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—The Oxygenated Bitters are highly recommended by persons whose names give the most satisfactory evidence of astonishing cures by using this medicine. It will certainly relieve the worst cases.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Send to Mr. Robert Sears, No. 181 William Street, New York, for a Descriptive Circular of his "PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE," the best and most saleable Book now published for Agents. sep13-tf

EPILEPTIC FITS are usually considered incurable, but that such is not the case is proven by the following certificate from a citizen of Danville, attested by a number of the most respectable gentlemen of that place. The Alterative has cured nearly every case of Epilepsy in which it has been used:

DANVILLE, Pa., July 5th, 1856.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen:—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your Alterative. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with Epileptic Fits, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best Physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. *After the Fits commenced, my right arm became gradually PARALYZED. I had the use of my arm and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood.* In this condition, at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your Alterative last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a *single FIT; the use of my limbs has returned*, and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the Alterative, and a couple boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your Alterative the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

William Kitchen,	G. S. Brown,
Geo S. Sanders,	G. W. Forrest,
James M. Jones,	Thomas Woods,

J. B. Moore.

The above mentioned articles are prepared only at 84 CHESTNUT St. aug21-tf

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 69 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. jy7-tf

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner Fifth and Chestnut. sep20-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, in Lynn, Mass., by the Rev. Mr. Schuckford, R. L. B. CLARKE, of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, to ANNA H. PHILLIPS, ("Helen Irving,") daughter of B. J. Phillips. Mr. CLARKE is a brother of "Grace Greenwood," and a distinguished Republican of Iowa.

On the 18th inst., by the Rev. J. G. Butler, EDWARD STAFFORD YOUNG, of Dayton, Ohio, to SARAH, daughter of the late Elijah Dechert, of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. G. W. German, Mr. JOHN LOWTHER, to Miss LUCILA LENTZ, daughter of Samuel Lafferty, Esq. both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. Ryder, ALEXANDER G. CULLOY, of this city, to Miss HIPPOLYTA GRAVE, of New York.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM STREET, to Miss MARY L. HAINES, both of Philadelphia.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. William Urie, Mr. EDWARD P. STITES, formerly of Cape May, to Miss MARIA L. FOWLER, of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. John Steel, Mr. A. J. RAIGEL, to Miss C. M. BUEKLEY, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. WILLIAM MUNSON, Jr. of Salem county, N. J. to ARSARIE H. GRAY, of this city.

On the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. N. B. Baldwin, Mr. JOHN H. GRAY, to Miss ADELE A. HAND, both of Philadelphia.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Joseph Bigs, Mr. PETER STREPPER, to Miss HARRIET HOFFMAN, both of Springfield Township, Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 27th of May, by the Rev. Richard Newton, M. HENRY K. WIGHAND, to ANNA SILLA, daughter of Richard P. Simons.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. William T. Bunker, Mr. WILLIAM F. CONAT, to Miss MARY C. OSTER, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. A. C. Wheat, Mr. SAMUEL KEYSER, to Miss ELIZABETH RINK, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. GEORGE GILBERT, to Miss CHRISTIANA HARNISH.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Clarke Loudon, Mr. HENRY MOORE, to Miss CATHARINE MCKANT, both of this city.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. C. P. Turner, Mr. AMOS MCVAUGH, to Miss MARY A. ROX, both of Philadelphia.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. G. W. Bricele, of Richmond, Mr. WILLIAM LONG, to Miss HANNAH A. SHULTZ, both of Philadelphia.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. DAVID SCHANT, to Miss MAGGIE WARNER, both of Philadelphia.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. John S. Dales, D. D. Mr. ROBERT JOHNSON, Jr. to Miss MARIA, daughter of John and Mary Reid, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Francis D. Ladd, J. ALFRED ROBINSON, of Philadelphia, to JENNIE S. daughter of Dr. Boyd Emery, Washington county, Pa.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, Mr. JAMES A. PHILLIPS, to Miss MARY L. DAVENPORT, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. J. Gordon Maxwell, Mr. JOHN RUSSELL, to Miss SARAH RYLANDS.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. A. C. Wheat, Mr. SILAS NORNAMAKER, to Miss MARY A. YOTHERS, both of Bucks county.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. T. A. Yerulay, Mr. LAWRENCE A. CASSADY, to Miss ELIZABETH W. BROOKS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th instant, at the residence of his mother, JAMES KELLY STIMMEL, aged 26 years.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. MARY, wife of Jacob Crawford, aged 53 years.

On the 15th instant, MARIA BOOTH.

On the 16th instant, JAMES HUSBAND, Sr. aged 76 years.

On the 17th instant, ELLEN CECILIA, daughter of Joseph C. and Louisa Cat, aged 5 years.

On the 15th instant, JOHN W. DANIELS, aged 28 years.

On the 17th instant, MARY, wife of John Hanson, aged 35.

On the 17th instant, ANN I. MANN, aged 60 years.

On the 14th instant, DAVID E. MAIR, aged 40 years.

On the 17th instant, JAMES SHAW, aged 38 years.

On the 17th instant, Mr. WILLIAM OLLIS, aged 73 years.

On the 17th instant, MARY CARLER, wife of James Dreher, aged 32 years.

On the 17th instant, ELIAS, son of Wm. C. and Lydia Noe, aged 24 months.

On the 17th instant, HENRY W. BORDEN, M. D aged 32.

On the 17th instant, Miss BRIDGET HAVEN, aged 16 years.

On the 16th instant, JOHN MCLAUGHLIN, aged 66 years.

On the 15th instant, Mr. SAMUEL MADDOCK, aged 24.

On the 15th instant, CALVIN BISHOP, son of Theodore W. and Elizabeth Smith, aged 6 years and 6 months.

On the 16th instant, MARGARET LOGAN, aged 42 years.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM, son of Geo. and Sarah Stockbine, aged 14 years.

On the 16th instant, Mr. ANDREW ROAT, aged 32 years.

At St. Paul's, Minnesota Territory, on the 6th instant, JAMES SANDERS, Jr. formerly of this city, aged 24 years.

On the 16th instant, THERESA M. daughter of HERMAN A. and Thekla Oesterle, aged 4 years.

In Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 28th ultimo, Rev. R. S. STONE DICKINSON, of Philadelphia.

At Washington, D. C. on the 16th instant, Mr. JACOB HORN, formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 14th instant, VIRGINIA FENTON, aged 5 years.

On the 16th instant, MADAMNE, daughter of Jos. T. and Mary Dalacroix, aged 2 years and 10 months.

On the 16th instant, MICHAEL, son of Thos. and Julia Burns, aged 4 years and 6 months.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. SARAH, wife of John Wagner, of Upper Merion, Montgomery county, aged 53 years.

On the 14th instant, Mr. RICHARD LEACH, Sr. aged 77 years.

On the 14th instant, SAMUEL BRADFORD, aged 65 years.

On the 18th instant, CONRAD BENT, aged 75 years.

On the 15th instant, THOMAS SLOAN, aged 3 years.

On the 13th instant, SARAH M. KNOWLES, aged 4 years.

On the 15th instant, MARY ELIZABETH, daughter of Anthony and Cecilia Ernst, aged 5 years.

On the 15th instant, ROSALIND, daughter of Charles F. and Adaline Wiehmann, aged 7 years.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. MARY GERMAN, aged 75 years.

On the 9th instant, at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, WILLIAM H. CROWELL, of this city.

On the 15th instant, CLARA, daughter of Jos. C. and Rebecca Metcalfe aged 2 years and 7 months.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. MARIA, widow of the late Edwin Starr, aged 67 years.

☞ WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?

300 BUSHELS PRIME NEW CROP (TIMOTHY SEED)

600 bushels new crop Orchard Grass, and

2,000 " " Herd Grass, in store and for sale by ROGERS & BOYER, No. 20 Market St., Philada.

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THE NATIONAL SAFETY SAVING FUND—WALNUT Street, South-West corner of THIRD, PHILADELPHIA, now has more than ONE MILLION of dollars safely invested for the benefit of Depositors. Interest *Five Per Cent.* The office is open every day, and the money is always paid back in GOLD. aug2-3m

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Sept. 20th.

☞ WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?

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THIS PERIODICAL is again upon our table, for July. Who does not know GODEY? For almost a quarter of a century has this great work been sent out upon its mission; during which time, as far as our knowledge extends, it has never failed to come to its exchanges and patrons, freighted with its usual quantum of useful and entertaining matter. Pure, chaste, and current to every page. Who can estimate the amount of pleasure this book excites, or calculate the great influence which it exerts? They are but few refined societies throughout the United States destitute of this excellent work. Go

Wit and Humor.

WESTERN ANNOYANCES.

Judge J——, who has recently returned from a tour in the West, relates an anecdote illustrating the horrors to which travellers in that region are exposed. In his passage to one of the rivers, he fell in company with a talkative lady and gentleman, to whom he was relating some of his sufferings from mosquitoes.

"Husband," said the lady, to the gentleman owning that title, "you had better tell the gentleman about the man we met—'in Iowa.'"

The hint was sufficient, and "husband" proceeded to say that, "in their travels farther West, they made acquaintance of a stalwart, rollicking, western hoosier, one of the genius who could 'whip his weight in wildcats;' but who possessed a fund of quiet humor. On one occasion, they had stopped at a hotel in the interior, not of the most inviting appearance. They were shown to their rooms, the hoosier at one end, and the lady and gentleman at the other, of a long hall. About midnight the drowsy couple were startled by a report of firearms, proceeding from the end of the hall occupied by their travelling companion. Both started up in the bed and began to speculate upon the probable cause of this untimely alarm, when they heard a rushing of feet, and a confusion of voices in the hall. On going to the door, the gentleman found the whole household, headed by the landlord, rushing in the direction of the report. His curiosity led him to join this midnight procession, and he arrived with the rest, in front of the hoosier's door. The landlord tried the latch, but found it fast, whereupon, in a loud voice, he demanded instant admission.

"'What do you want?' roared a voice within.

"'Want to come in!' replied the landlord.

"'Can't do it!' was the response from within. 'It's my room, and I'm in bed—can't come in.'

"'Let me in!' shouted the landlord, in a louder tone, at the same time shaking the door violently, 'or I'll break the door down!'

"'Hold on!' rejoined the voice within; 'I'll open the door.'

"The door was soon opened, when in rushed the whole party, expecting to see the floor covered with blood. What was their surprise to find everything in its proper place, and the hoosier calm and unconcerned. A revolver was lying carelessly upon the bed.

"'Who fired that pistol?' demanded the landlord.

"'I did!' was the reply.

"'Why?' asked the landlord.

"The hoosier stepped to the bed, and throwing open the covering, said,

"'Look here! Do you see that?'

"The attention of the party was at once directed to the point indicated, and there, over the whole surface of the sheet, bed-bugs were scampering in every direction, like a flock of sheep frightened by a dog. The landlord was chagrined and puzzled, and looked to his lodger for an explanation.

"'These,' began the hoosier, straightening himself up to his full height, and gesticulating with his right hand in grandiloquent style, 'these are my friends; I have settled an armistice with them, and we are on friendly terms; but on the window-sill there, just outside, you will find two infernal big fellers that I couldn't do anything with, and so I just put a bullet through 'em. But it's all right now, it's all understood between me and my friends here, and we shall get along well enough now.'

"It is needless to add, that the landlord retired to his own bed visibly crest-fallen, while the spectators enjoyed a hearty laugh."

THE LADIES AND THEIR BARRICADES.—A spicy correspondent of the Pawtuckett Gazette thus "lets himself out" on the expansive subject of hoops in ladies' dresses:—"And, talking of the ladies, they are positively getting bigger and bigger. The petticoat mania rages fearfully. They fill up the sidewalks as they brush by you. You feel bones—whalebones, I mean—for there are no others within half a mile of you. What a dreadful reversal of nature is all this! I do not object to plumpness and rotundity in the proper place; but what sense is there in being so obicular about the feet? Between you and me, Mrs. T. P. has fallen into the fashion, and maugre my remonstrances, has purchased one of the most monstrous of the inventions. I examined it with much awe the other night, after she had gone to bed. Oh, Roberto! it was indeed most wonderfully made! It is an institution. In size it is like a small country law-office. I think it must have been raised like a barn. It is latticed, and cornered, and stiffened, with the utmost ingenuity. When she has it on, 'my gude wife' is (so to speak) like Hamlet's father, 'clad in complete steel.' She is just as safe as if she were in a convent. She is entirely shut out from this vain world. Quoad the earth, she is nothing but a large skirt. So much for the safety of the contrivance. The question of beauty is another matter." Another American paper says: "One virtue, at least, has been discovered in a hooped petticoat; mad dogs cannot bite the wearers. Excellent things, therefore, for summer wear!"

QUEER NAMES.—What queer names some unfortunate mortals are blessed with! We heard of a family in Detroit whose sons were named One Stickney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney, and whose daughters were named First Stickney, Second Stickney, and so on. The three elder children of another family were named Joseph, And, and Another, and it has been supposed that should they have any more, they might have named them Also, Moreover, Nevertheless, and Notwithstanding. Another family actually named their child Finis, supposing it was their last, but they happened afterward to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appendix, and Supplement. Another parent set out to perpetuate the Twelve Apostles, and named the fifth child Acts. A man in Pennsylvania called his second son James Also, and the third William Likewise.

YOURS AND OURS.—A widower in the neighborhood of Bristol, having three children, married a widow with a like complement of olive branches, and after they had been married six years, they further added to the combined family by three more of their own, making in all nine. When one of the "Tuneful Nine" would be overheard making a noise in the house, it was no uncommon thing for the husband to say, "That's yours, Mrs. A." Presently another cry would be heard, when Mrs. A. would retort by exclaiming, "That's yours, Mr. A." A third young urchin would then give tongue, when Mr. and Mrs. A. would exclaim with one voice, "That's ours."

ROUGH GAMBLING.—A noted villain in Hon. Bailie Peyton's district, who was always a hard worker against the Colonel, was observed to be missing on election day.

"What's become of Bill Jones?" asked the candidate, of one of Bill's cronies.

"Well," responded the latter, "I believe he's been shut up down in Georg a for rough gambling."

"Rough gambling! what's rough gambling down in Georgia?"

"Why, cutting trunks off from behind stages, and such like."

☞ When Lieutenant O'Brian (who was called Skyrocket-Jack), was blown up at Spithead, in the Edgar, he was on the carriage of a gun, and when brought to the admiral, all black and wet, he said with pleasantry, "I hope, sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I came out of the ship in so great a hurry, that I had not time to shift for myself."

"LOUDER!"—A man lately went to the Post-Office, and putting his mouth close up to the delivery box, cried out "Louder!" The clerk supposing the man to be deaf, and that he was making a request of him to speak louder, so that he could hear, asked him in a very loud tone, the name of the person for whom he wanted the letter.

"Louder!" cried the man.

"What name?" yelled the clerk.

"Louder!" again bawled the man, who now supposed the clerk to be deaf.

The clerk took a long breath, and with all his might again bellowed out in the man's face the same question, "what name?" This was done in so loud a tone that the echo seemed to return from the far off hills.

The man started back in alarm, shouting to the very top of his big lungs,

"Louder, sir, Louder! I told you Louder! my name is nothing else!"

"Oh, ah! oh, ho!" said the clerk, "your name is Louder, eh? Didn't think of that; here's your letter; Mr. Louder, here's your letter."

SAUSAGES AGAIN.—*Apropos* of sausage-meat I lately heard a matter-of fact, elderly gentleman laying down the law on an important point connected therewith. "Being intimately acquainted," said Mr. Fogy, "with an eminent sausage-maker in the city of Churches, I once took occasion to ask him if there was any foundation to the popular belief that 'old dog Tray ever faithful' sometimes found a premature grave in the commodities of inferior dealers. He utterly denied the possibility of such a thing, and proved it to me at length. 'In the first place,' he said, 'the price of dogs is greatly increased by the new regulations; secondly, the dog is a very troublesome and tedious animal to skin; thirdly, the meat is white, and easily detected; fourthly,'"—At this stage of the demonstration two or three of the company simultaneously expressed their conviction that the eminent sausage-vender's intimate knowledge of the subject was somewhat suspicious, and that we might without uncharitableness suppose that he himself had tried the experiment at any rate. —*Knickerbocker.*

FOLLOWING THE LORD.—An itinerant preacher recently travelled among the northwestern counties of this State. He was mounted on an animal whose appearance betokened very bad keeping—the mere frame-work of what had once been a horse. Riding up to the door of a country inn, he inquired of the landlord the distance to the next town. The host coming out was so forcibly struck with the appearance of the animal upon which the querist sat, that he walked around him twice before giving the desired information. He then inquired—

"Who might you be, if it's a fair question?"

"I am a follower of the Lord," was the answer.

"Follorin' the Lord, eh?" demanded the host. "Well, I'll tell you what it is, old feller," eyeing the horse again, "there's one thing sartin—*if* you stop on the road, you'll never ketch him with that hoss!"

THE MENAGERIE.—"Mr. Showman, what is that."

"That, my dear, is the Rhynocercow. He is cousing German or Dutch relative to the Unicorn. He was born in the desert of Sary Ann, and fed on bamboo and missionaries. He is very courageous, and never leaves home unless he moves, in which case he goes somewhere else unless he is overtaken by the dark. He was brought to this country much against his own will, which accounts for his low spirit, when he's melancholy or dejected. He is now somewhat aged, although he has seen the day when he was the youngest specimen of animated nature in the world. Pass on, my little dear, and allow the ladies to survay the wisdom of Providence as displayed in the ring-tailed monkey, a hanimal that can stand hanging like a feller critter only it's reversed.

ONE OF THE DENTISTS!—The Albany Knickerbocker says: A fellow not long since called on Dr. Brockway, the distinguished dentist, and wanted to have some cavities in his teeth filled up. The doctor examined his teeth, and told him he did not see any cavities; but he must needs look again, for the fellow was confident there were several. Doctor again told him he could find none, and he went away. A week or so after, they met each other, and was asked about those teeth.

"Oh!" said the fellow, "what's-his name over here filled them for me—he found four holes—pretty large ones, too. I knew they were there."

"Ah," replied the doctor, "I looked very carefully and did not see any."

"Well," said he, "he didn't find 'em till after he'd drilled a spell."

COMMENTARY ON THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.—At the examination of the children of the Windsor Infant School, a little boy was asked to explain his idea of "bearing false witness against your neighbor." After hesitating, he said it was "telling lies," on which the worthy and reverend examiner said, "That is not exactly an answer. What do you say?" addressing a little girl who stood next, when she immediately replied, "It was when nobody did nothing, and somebody went and told of it." "Quite right," said the examiner, amidst irrepressible roars of laughter, in which he could not help joining, the gravity of the whole proceeding being completely upset.

☞ A highwayman and a chimney-sweeper were to be hanged; one for a highway robbery, the other for a burglary. The first was attended by the priest on the occasion, at the place of execution; the second wished to be so, and advanced nearer to him, but was repulsed by the highwayman, who desired him to keep farther off. "Sir," replied the sweep, "I won't: I have as much right to be here as you have."

MIGHT AND MAIN.—Gordon Cumming, the great lion slayer, was telling Rogers one day how he once came, unarmed, upon a huge lion. "Thinking to frighten him, I ran at him with all my might," said the hunter. "Whereupon," said Rogers, "he ran away with all his mane, I suppose?" "Exactly so," said Cumming. We think this story was coming it rather strong.

FOREST SCENERY IN SWEDEN.—The road sometimes runs for a vast number of miles in a straight line through one of these forests, and the dreary feeling of the traveller may be conceived. The solemn silence may be for hours unbroken by the slightest sound. It happened once that, by the upsetting of a carriage, I was left alone until the driver had ridden back to procure another, and during that time my only fear was that the silence to which I *listened* should be broken: the fall of a leaf would have terrified me. Sometimes a conflagration occurs which gives a new and terrible aspect to the scene. These devastating fires are generally the result of accident and carelessness; the dry white moss which covers the ground forms excellent tinder when the wood-cutters light their fires or smoke their pipes in the forests. I saw a whole island—or at least all that grew in it—consumed in this way, and a curiously beautiful sight it was, burning in the midst of a large and rapidly rushing river. Some fishermen had gone there, and made a fire and cooked some fish, and eaten a dinner, and they set the island on fire, and like a ship at sea, it burned down to the water's edge. In the dead of night, it was a very strange spectacle, a burning mass, so large, so bright, so furious, in the midst of rushing water. The tall dark heads rising above the flames till the flames rose over them, and then descended again satisfied with their prey, and lowering and lowering till they were obliged to die because they could destroy no more. And the green isle was a black heap of charcoal, with the waves circling round it."—*Miss Bunbury's NorthAern Europe.*

A HORRID BOY.

FRANK.—"Oh, I say, Emily! ain't the sea-side jolly?"

EMILY (who is reading Byron's Corsair to Kate).—"I do not know, Frank, what you mean by jolly. It is very beautiful!—it is very lovely!"

FRANK.—"Hah! and don't it make you always ready for your grub, neither?"

[*Exit young ladies, very properly disgusted.*]

Agricultural.

TO FATTEN HORSES.

Every horseman knows that a horse looks twenty per cent. better if fattened in a short time, than if several months are employed in the process. I don't believe in loading a horse down with fat—they do better in medium condition. A horse, if not very thin, can be put in fine condition in three weeks. But a narrow-headed, yard-necked, narrow-breasted, light-quartered animal, if he has never been fat, will give you a two or three months' task; and he will look the better for all the flesh you may put on him.

To fatten a poor horse quickly is no easy task. It is to be done by a variety of the best of feed, and with close attention in giving it. Many persons feed sufficiently liberal, and yet their horses are low in flesh, simply because of the careless and irregular manner in which it is given out. When I wish to fatten a poor horse, I put his stable in a clean and neat condition, and commence by giving him small feeds of corn or oats, (whichever he takes best,) every two hours from the time of rising in the morning till I retire at night—say six or eight feeds a day—taking care so to feed that he will always eat it with a relish, and be hungry for the next meal. At no time do I suffer his food to lay by him; if he leaves any I take it from him and let him stand till he asks for it. For the first ten days I am careful not to let him get quite all he will eat. There is no better way of getting a horse's appetite up to the fattening point than to feed very often of good, clean feed. By paying strict attention for ten days, you will have him fairly under way; and this is the most difficult part of the task. If at any time he gets cloyed, so that he refuses to eat, let him stand till he gets hungry.

During this time his stable must be kept clean and comfortable. He should have but little hay, but as much pure soft water as he will drink three times a day. Salt all the time at his will. He must be curried thoroughly once every day. Few men curry a horse as it should be done. Take your currycomb firmly in your hand and with it make a quick motion back and forth, pass all over your horse, getting to the skin and removing the dirt therefrom; then pass all over more gently with comb and brush, replacing the hair, and finish with the naked hand—putting every hair to its place.

Never give medicine of any kind—you can succeed better without. If I wished to reduce a horse in flesh in the least possible time I should bleed and physic. If you have the time to spare it will be better employed scalding or grinding your grain and feeding warm mashes, &c. It appears that friend Munson has little faith in our no-doctoring advice. If he finds the oil to answer I advise him to stick to it, for if he does nothing worse than to pour a pint of grease down a horse that has a touch of belly-ache, he will hardly lose any. I have known it employed for thirty years—it is like mush to a *stone bruise*—does neither good nor harm.—*Cor. Prairie Farmer.*

WILL SALT PRESERVE BUTTER?—Will salt preserve butter? No, that question is easily answered. Salt is added to butter for two reasons—one is to assist in its preservation, the dairywomen vainly thinking that salt will keep the butter sweet. Another set add salt with dishonest motives, with the idea that all the salt put in the butter is sold at the full price the butter brings. It is a great mistake. Every pound of salt put in butter over what is required to give it flavor, instead of bringing a cash return to the buttermaker, proves a positive loss of several cents a pound, because it reduces the value of *every* pound of butter so over-salted, frequently as much as three cents a pound. Butter is not preserved by salt. That is positive. It will keep just as long and just as sweet as Olive oil, without salt, if no other substance is incorporated with it. It is the casein of milk that spoils the butter, and unless free from that, no art can keep it sweet. Butter should be churned at 65 deg., and immediately afterwards reduced to 40 deg., and the less it is touched by human hands the better. It must be worked cool, either with or without washing, as that is a mooted question, until absolutely free from buttermilk or particles of sour curd, and then just enough, and no more salt added than to suit the taste of the consumer. The salt must be pure, and one ounce to ten pounds of butter will be sufficient. Then pack the butter solidly in any cask of sweet wood of stone pot, so as to exclude the air, and just so long as the air is excluded the butter will remain sweet. If it could be kept perfectly excluded, the period that it would keep sweet is forever. Your question is answered. Salt *will not* preserve butter. *N. Y. Tribune.*

TRAINING A BALKY HORSE.—In India, when a horse becomes stubborn and refuses to move, instead of whipping him as is our custom, or setting fire to straw under his belly, as is sometimes practiced in England, a rope is attached to his foreleg, and one or two persons go ahead and pull at the rope. It is said this will start the most refractory horse. The Michigan Farmer says a horse became balky in Detroit a short time since, and neither whipping nor coaxing could make him stir. A rope was fastened round his neck, and he was dragged a short distance by another team, but this did not effect a cure. The rope was then taken from his neck, passed between his legs, and fastened firmly to his tail. In this manner he was drawn a short distance, and when the rope was taken off, the hitherto unruly animal was perfectly obedient to the will of his master. We have seen this method tried, with similar results.

THE MIXING OF SALT WITH LIQUID MANURE.—In a former number of the Journal we directed attention to an experiment of M. Barral, by which he proved most satisfactorily that common salt was a fixer of ammonia. We have also more than once alluded to the important place it is yet likely to occupy among the saline substances used by the farmer. In Switzerland it is now almost the universal practice to mix it with liquid manure. Its value here is supposed to be derived from its property of fixing ammonia; and the discovery of the benefit which is derived from mixing it with liquid manure was quite accidental, and deserves to be mentioned in this place. The important duty on salt in Switzerland is very high and oppressive—so much so, as in all such cases to lead to many attempts of evading the vigilance of the custom-house officers. A peasant having tried to defraud the authorities by carrying off a bag of salt, was discovered and pursued. In his anxiety to escape the punishment which would be inflicted on him if the bag were discovered about his premises, he threw it into his liquid manure tank, where he was sure there would be little chance of their searching for it, or at all events discovering it. Thinking he had destroyed his liquid manure, before using it he diluted it with water, so as to diminish as much as possible the bad effects which he thought would be derived from the salt. Great, however, was his surprise, when he found that the grass on that part of the meadow watered with the liquid manure in which the salt was dissolved, was both more luxuriant in its growth, and was preferred by the cattle to all other forage. On perceiving this, the experiment was repeated with the same result. Government, also, having become aware of it, allows unpurified salt to be sold at a cheaper rate as manure salt. This is generally the refuse of the salt works, containing from 75 to 90 per cent. of salt. About 1 1-10 lb. of salt is used for every 22 gallons of liquid manure; in gravelly dry soils a larger proportion of salt is employed, and in soils naturally damp a smaller proportion. In soils liable to suffer from drought, on dry hill sides, salt is employed, after being first mixed with earth. Its effects are most apparent on peas and leguminous plants of every kind, on roots, potatoes, carrots, and ruta-bagas. It has little effect on clay soils, excepting when drained. In some districts it is used for improving the quality of the dung. The salt is first mixed with earth, and this mixture is spread on every layer of dung. These details on the use of salt, communicated by M. Fellenberg, are worthy of a careful consideration from farmers of all countries. We do not say that the application of salt directly to soils in this country will be always attended with as beneficial results as in Switzerland; but we cannot help expressing our opinion, that the value of salt as an ingredient in a compost heap is not sufficiently appreciated in this country. And the practice, alluded to by M. Fellenberg, of mixing salt with earth, and then working this up with the manure of the farm, agrees so well with our own experience that we have no hesitation in recommending it.—*Professor Anderson in the Journal of Agriculture.*

CHEAP ICE-HOUSE—SAVING SEED CORN.—We will give our experience with a cheap ice-house. Four years ago last January we had one dug of the following dimensions, viz.: ten feet every way; this was dug on high ground into a firm clay; after getting it this depth, we had the bottom made into a bowl shape, and laid down small logs across it; at the surface we had a pen made of logs, around the edge to the height of four feet, and the dirt that came out of the hole was thrown up and rammed around the pen; this pen increased the depth to fourteen feet. The part in the ground has no walling of any description. When filling, we have a small quantity of straw kept between the ice and the earth. Fifty wagon loads will fill my house, and it has been empty but once in four years, and that was in November, and then it was emptied by taking out cart loads at a time for extraordinary purposes. After the bank was thrown up around the pen, we set in four blocks at the corners, and laid upon them two courses of logs twenty feet long; they were cut this length in order to throw the eaves some five or six feet from the ice, and thereby secure it from the intrusion of water. There was left sufficient space between the logs to admit a free circulation of air. The walls have crumbled very little—more the first year than ever since, and this was caused by rats. We paid a workman four dollars for putting on the roof, hanging doors, &c., and this was the whole cost, save the labor of four farm hands, two days digging and putting up the logs, and the cost of materials.

We will give you our plan of saving seed corn: several years' trial proves it to be a good one, and it has been strikingly demonstrated this season. Owing to bad seed, the corn generally this season came up badly this spring; a large number of farmers had to furrow their land out and plant over, others had more or less replanting to do. We were spared the trouble of replanting a single hill, as we believe every one of them come up, and we attribute it altogether to seed saved as follows:—Directions were given last fall to the hands, when they commenced cutting up corn, to leave such stalks as had two or more ears on them; these were permitted to stand until the corn was thoroughly ripe; after it was sufficiently cured, the corn was gathered with the shuck on, and put into the barn and left until near planting time; it was then shucked and the best ears selected for seed. This plan obviates the danger of cutting too green, of heating in the heap, of freezing, &c., &c.—*American Farmer.*

COOLING HORSES.—When a horse is brought in hot, loosen the girth, and allow the saddle to remain on for five or ten minutes. Let him be walked about the yard in warm weather, and in the winter be put directly in the stable.—*Rural American.*

CURING CORN FODDER.—Our farmers cannot be too careful in curing this valuable provender for stock. Some pay but little attention to it, permitting it to remain in the field, exposed to the bleaching and exhausting process from the cold, wet weather and high winds, until very late in the fall, and until the life of the fodder is mainly lost. Corn should be cut down early—even while the stalks are quite green—and let stand in the field no longer than it may be sufficiently—that is, until it is nearly—dry, when the ears should be husked, and the fodder carefully stacked near the barn, each load, after stacking, being sprinkled with from four to eight quarts of salt. When fed to cattle, the stalks should be cut a few inches in length, by the stalk-cutter, and then, if a threshing machine is at hand, run through that, and before feeding, slightly wet with warm water, and mixed with a little bran, or with chopped roots. A more valuable food can scarcely be provided for stock generally.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE POTATO ROT.—On Thursday last, at a few minutes past 12, a curious electoral phenomenon was seen close to St. Andrew's Church. Instead of an ordinary lightning flash, a globe of fire, similar to the sun, with a hole in the centre, was perceived, having two long tails projecting downwards and outwards. This appeared poised for an instant, and then descended to the earth in a neighboring field with its points downwards. The potatoes in that field appear since to have become diseased.—*W. R. Bowditch, in Wakefield Journal, Eng., Aug.* 15.

Useful Receipts.

LARD CANDLES.—Take of lard 6 lbs., and one ounce of nitric acid. Put the lard into a clean iron kettle, and when fairly melted pour in the acid. Let it simmer, stir it, skim it, and then it is ready for use. If good nitric acid is used, the candles will be as hard as those made of the best tallow. Care should be taken not to let the lard stand too long in the kettle, for the acid will eat the kettle so as to black the Lard. The candles must be run in moulds.

TO PRESERVE CORN FOR BOILING.—We have found it a good way to preserve green corn for future use, to pluck it when fit for eating, strip down the husks so as to remove the silk, and then replace them—pack it away in a barrel, and pour on a strong pickle, such as used for meat, with a weight to keep it down, and you will have a good article of fresh corn. It should be parboiled in fresh water, to make it fresh and sweet for cooking.

TO SPORTSMEN.—Wash your gun barrels in spirits of turpentine, by dipping a rag or sponge fastened on your gun rod into the liquid, and swabbing them out two or three times, when they will be cleaned from all impurities, and can be used almost instantly, as the turpentine will evaporate and leave the barrels dry; even if they are a little moist it will not prevent their going off, like water. After being washed thus, there is no danger of rust as when water is used. I am an old and experienced gunner, and have practised this for years.—*Scientific American.*

BOILED POTATO PUDDING.—Thoroughly cook two pounds of potatoes; peel and mash them well. Then mix them with half a pound of melted butter, the same quantity of powdered lump sugar, and six eggs, well beaten. When well mingled, stir in a handful or two of flour and a glass of white wine. Tie the whole up in a buttered cloth, and boil for half-an-hour.

TO MEND BROKEN CHINA.—Take a very thick solution of gum-arabic in water, and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes a viscous paste. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges, and stick them together. In three days the article cannot again be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

TO REMOVE VERMIN FROM CATTLE.—Dissolve camphor gum in new rum, making the liquid pretty strong of camphor, and apply it on various parts of the animal. It is a harmless application, so far as the animal is concerned, leaving the coat free and clear, but destroys the lice. In about two or three weeks after the first application, rub on the liquid again, in order to kill the young vermin that may have hatched out after the first rubbing. I know of no safer application which will prevent the eggs or nits from hatching.—*New England Farmer.*

TO CLEAN BLONDE LACES.—Cut some old soft linen into strips a little wider than the lace. Make them into one length, and tack the lace very carefully and evenly at the extreme edges. Then make a lather of soap-suds, with the chill just off the water; put in the lace, let it remain about half an hour, then pass it gently through the hands (without rubbing it) till quite clean, and rinse it in cold water. If the lace be very yellow, add a very little blue. Squeeze it in a towel, but do not wring it. Pull out the strip of linen as wide as you can and place it in a long book, passing the strip from leaf to leaf. If the book be printed, place white paper next the blonde. Press the book very heavily for two days; then remove it, taking the lace from the linen very carefully.

TO DRIVE AWAY FLIES.—The Courrier du Havre, in alluding to the plan lately suggested for driving away flies (the use of Laurel Oil), says that no fly will enter a room in which a wreath of walnut leaves has been hung up.

TO PRESERVE SMALL FRUITS WITHOUT COOKING.—Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, cherries, and peaches can be preserved in this manner:—Lay the ripe fruit in broad dishes, and sprinkle over it the same quantity of sugar used in cooking it. Set it in the sun, or a moderately heated oven, until the juice forms a thick syrup with the sugar. Pack the fruit in tumblers, and pour the syrup over it. Paste writing paper over the glasses, and set them in a cool, dry place. Peaches must be pared and split, and cherries stoned. Preserved in this manner, the fruit retains much more of its natural flavor and healthfulness than when cooked.

JEFFERSON.—In the year of 1825, J. P. Kennedy visited Monticello. "I was accompanied," says he, "by a friend, and had a letter of introduction from Mr. Wirt. I had never seen Mr. Jefferson. It was a hot day in July when we reached the top of the mountain and entered the spacious hall of the mansion. We presented the letter to a lady of the family, Mr. Jefferson had been very ill with a recent attack of his malady, and therefore excused himself from receiving company. There was a large glass door which opened upon the hall, and separated Mr. Jefferson's apartment from it. Whilst we sat in this hall, a tall attenuated figure, slightly stooping forward and exhibiting a countenance filled with an expression of pain, slowly walked across the space visible through the glass door. It was Mr. Jefferson. He was draped in a costume long out of fashion—small clothes, a waistcoat with flaps, and as it struck us, in the brief view we had, some remnants of embroidery. The silence of the footfall, the venerable figure, the old costume, and the short space in which that image glided past the glass door, made a strange and mysterious impression upon us. It was all that I ever saw of the sage of Monticello."

"YOU NEVER CAME TO WORTHING."—The poet Rogers's own version of his nearest approximation to the nuptial tie was, that when a young man he admired and sedulously sought the society of the most beautiful girl he then (and still) thought he had ever seen. At the end of the London season, at a ball, she said, "I go to-morrow to Worthing—are you coming there?" He did not go. Some months afterwards, being at Ranelagh, he saw the attention of every one drawn towards a large party that had just entered, in the centre of which was a lady on the arm of her husband. Stepping forward to see this wonderful beauty, he found it was his love. She merely said, "You never came to Worthing."

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 71 letters.

My 31, 40, 57, 14, 6, 4, was a Consul of France.
My 16, 35, 58, 26, 10, was an eminent American statesman
My 3, 62, 69, 49, 48, 64, 45, 38, 53, 46, 22, 42, was a distinguished English lawyer and statesman.
My 5, 43, 20, 43, 60, 70, 14, was a British poet.
My 69, 8, 21, 71, 30, 56, 20, 18, was one of Napoleon's battles.
My 24, 49, 30, 7, is an American poet and sculptor.
My 1, 40, 24, 45, 32, was a celebrated British poet.
My 54, 53, 20, 24, 34, 30, 70, 21, 45, 44, was a French historian.
My 11, 61, 45, 4, was a battle of the Mexican war.
My 32, 30, 41, 53, 20, 24, 21, 3, 14, was an American poetess.
My 59, 45, 46, 58, 37, was American Minister to Spain.
My 12, 25, 31, 46, 13, 58, is an American General.
My 50, 55, 45, 38, 14, was a distinguished lawyer of the United States.
My 15, 19, 67, 57, 54, 4, is a French historian.
My 28, 34, 14, 2, 45, 38, is an American writer.
My 1, 17, 30, 2, 2, 55, was a prominent member of the National Convention of France.
My 21, 30, 69, 23, was one of Napoleon's battles.
My 64, 25, 9, 31, was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.
My 34, 27, 7, 67, 47, 53, 48, was a distinguished British author.
My 29, 46, 33, 67, 63, 25, 21, 27, was a distinguished German physician.
My 2, 8, 66, 61, 58, 65, 36, 33, 57, was a celebrated French General.
My 52, 49, 39, 27, 67, 48, 34, 26, 27, was a King of Spain.
My whole is a passage of Scripture. COLE.

MISCELLANEOUS AND DOUBLE-ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 54 letters.
My 11, 1, 7, 34, 9, 10, 39, 2, was one of the first Plymouth settlers.
My 24, 35, 49, 3, 14, 28, 51, 61, 6, is a district in South Carolina.
My 8, 6, 25, 20, 13, 42, was Neptune's trumpeter.
My 43, 23, 11, 21, 43, 10, was Secretary of State under President Tyler.
My 5, 10, 23, 51, 15, 17, is a county in Indiana.
My 47, 13, 44, 30, 23, was a British General in the American Revolution.
My 7, 43, 4, 31, 24, 10, 46, 8, is a county in Ohio.
My 36, 33, 25, 2, 20, is a beautiful style of pleasure-boat.
My 32, 60, 11, 20, 32, 64, 8, 41, 44, 5, 58, 43, 4, 45, is a parish in Louisiana.
My 14, 7, 34, 16, 48, 42, 11, 39, 3, 51, 24, 6, 16, was an American General in the war of 1812.
My 3, 43, 29, 14, 33, 8, 45, 39, was a person remarkable for his shufflings, duplicity and dissimulation.
My 34, 56, 14, 7, 16, 5, 1, 3, is a county in Texas.
My 10, 49, 24, 48, 57, 47, 64, 31, 20, 35, 44, were the priests of Cybele.
My 42, 18, 40, 51, 48, is a county in Indiana.
My 4, 43, 28, 51, 27, 53, 5, 9, is noted for a battle fought there during the American Revolution.
My 23, 2, 7, 5, 12, 24, 12, 10, 33, 34, 26, were the ancient Gods of Greece.
My 18, 12, 40, 47, 45, 44, 1, is a term signifying "the West."
My 39, 5, 21, 3, 44, 18, was one of the three Gorgons.
My 1, 22, 51, 19, 7, 10, 5, is a county in Georgia.
My whole is an important event of the 15th century.

Acrostically and finally, my whole is a valuable weekly publication, and the able conductor thereof. GARMEW.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 11, 17, 15, 14, 4, 18, is a part of the eye.
My 6, 12, 16, 21, 14, 1, is one of the signs of the zodiac.
My 15, 7, 13, 16, 17, 2, 15, is the hardest substance known.
My 21, 10, 15, 1, 8, 17, is a plant used for coloring.
My 17, 15, 13, 2, 8, 9, is a fruit.
My 5, 17, 2, 15, 17, 10, is a large city.
My 3, 9, 6, 20, was an European hero.
My 22, 18, 23, we should all do when we have a difficult task to perform.
My whole are characteristics of this paper.

Sheffield, Pa. HATTY.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.
My 23, 5, 17, 13, 27, 25, is a town in Georgia.
My 14, 15, 33, 29, is a river in South America.
My 32, 2, 34, 9, 17, is a sea in Europe.
My 12, 3, 21, is a ridge of mountains in Africa.
My 3, 19, 24, 10, 29, is a mountain in Asia.
My 16, 26, 13, 12, is a town in Russia.
My 33, 1, 30, 4, is a province in India.
My 31, 12, 7, 20, 28, is an island in New York.
My 11, 4, 8, 14, 23, 15, is a town in India.
My 18, 3, 20, 22, 11, 26, 35, is a town in California.
My whole was a great outrage of the seventeenth century. WILLIAM WASHINGTON, JR.

Jefferson Co., Ind.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first and second when combined,
Is something of a dangerous kind;
An element 'twill bring to mind,
To sport with many feel inclined:
In ancient times myth tells us all,
It was the cause of Prometheus' fall.

A word my third expressing gross,
My fourth a vowel is of course;
Next a pronoun in common use,
Receives by many much abuse:
My whole is a strange phenomenon seen,
If you can't guess this I think you're green.

CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is always in eternity.
My second begins the name of a King.
My third is a girl's name.
My fourth is a vegetable.
My fifth is what we all must do.
My sixth is a vowel.
My whole is an embodiment of sciences.

Lincoln Co., Ky. PLANET.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is either male or female.
My second is a weight.
My whole is a grave official.

Warren, Vermont. HARP.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find three numbers, each that the square of the first, plus the cube of the second, is equal to 72; the square of the second, plus the cube of the third, is equal to 1,944; and the square of the third, plus the difference of the cubes of the first and second, is equal to 161.

Franklin Mills, Ohio. J. N. WILCOX.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If 24 horses eat 12 acres of grass in 15 weeks, and 60 horses eat 20 acres in 28 weeks, how many horses would it require to eat 30 acres in 56 weeks, the grass to grow uniformly?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What kind of ships meet with the most obstructions? Ans.—Courtships.

☞ When is a man like the letter B? Ans.—When he's in bed.

☞ Why is a withered flower like an empty pocket book? Ans.—Because it's destitute of a scent (cent).

☞ How can we account for Bonaparte's adamantine disposition? Ans.—Because he was the bony part of France.

☞ Why is the second i in military like noon? Ans.—Because it comes before ten.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—The Massacre of St. Bartholomew. ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—Cornelius Gregory Macpherson. CHARADE—Law suit. CHARADE—Canoe (Sin-Noe). CHARADE—Tree-frog. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—12 oranges at 5 cents an orange. PROBLEM—Twenty-six feet.

☞ The great God seems to have given that commandment, "Know thyself," to those men—and especially who are apt to make remarks on—men's actions, and forget themselves.